

FRANK LESLIE'S LITTLE SIBLING, NEWS PAPER

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No. 656—VOL. XXVI.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1868.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00

A Prejudice—Crucify It.

SHALL we insist on the South, or if the designation be preferred, "the lately rebellious States," accepting the logical and inevitable results of the late war, when we ourselves fail or refuse to recognize them? We emancipated the negro by a vast sacrifice of blood. Throughout the war, in his humble sphere, he was our friend. He even fought side by side with us on the battle-field. It thus became our duty not only to protect him, but to enable him to protect himself, which he could not do politically without the ballot, any more than he could do so in war without the bullet.

We know that the negroes constitute seven-eighths of the "loyal element" in the Southern States, and we insist that these States shall be loyal. But if we ignore the political rights of the negro, then we are bound to concede to the rest of the population the right to rule—and they will rule as they did before the war. This was the experience under Mr. Johnson's plan of reconstruction when, without consulting the representatives of the people, he gave to the whites the exclusive right of reorganizing

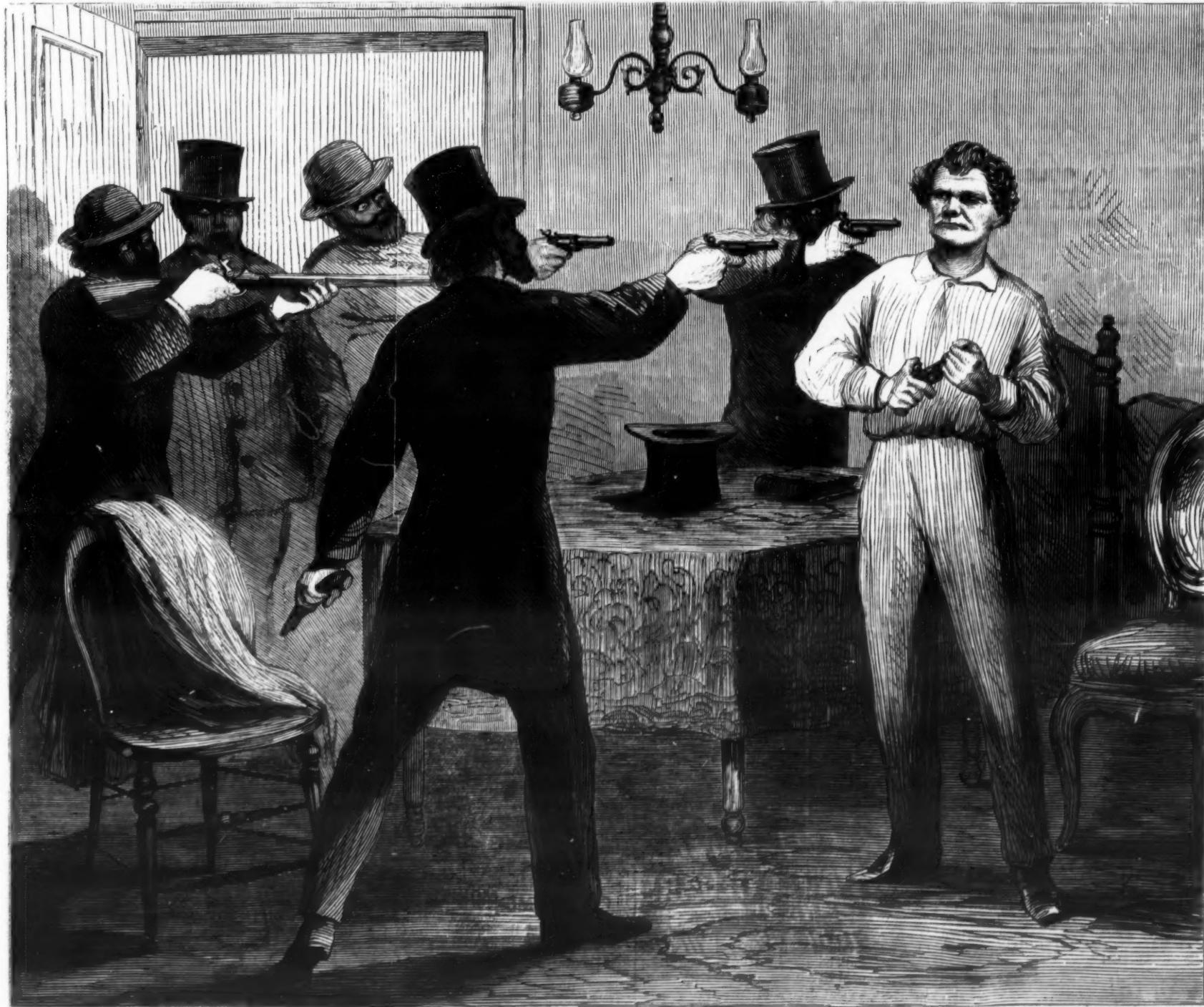
the conquered States. What did they do? They re-established slavery except in name, and made the blacks, who had sympathized with us and fought with us, and whom we had deprived of that kind of protection which an owner extends to his property, the victims of oppressive and outrageous laws and restriction, revolting to the spirit of the age, and to the moral sense of the people of the North. They did more and worse, as Memphis and New Orleans can testify.

For this, and in obedience to an expression of popular will almost amounting to unanimity, the direct and legitimate representatives of the people took out of the hands of the President the powers he had usurped, and set aside a "policy" that had resulted so disastrously, and which, if carried out, would nullify the leading results of the war, and make the blood and money it cost a bootless sacrifice. To keep up an army in the South to enforce the natural and acquired rights of the negro was regarded as a costly, not to say impracticable, expedient, not in accordance with the spirit of our institutions. As the only alternative, Congress gave to the negro the right

of suffrage, so that he might protect himself from outrage and oppression. The whole North would have preferred that this inestimable privilege should have been gradually extended, consonantly with the spread of intelligence among the Freedmen, but the abuse of the power extended to the whites under Mr. Johnson's plan proved the necessity of immediately investing the negroes, as a body, with the suffrage. The whole North acquiesced in this policy, not wholly as a matter of choice, but of necessity.

But the North has not yet felt as it ought to do the inconsistency of denying universal suffrage at home, while insisting on its acceptance elsewhere. It is true that, except as a matter of principle and consistency, negro suffrage in the North is a trivial and unimportant question. It is practically of no consequence. The negro vote would not be felt one way or another. It would not be strong enough to affect the affairs of the nation in any manner. While in the South, on the other hand, it is essential to secure the very first principles of justice, and there the suffrage has been extended as a war measure; for although the

battle in the field has been decided, the struggle is protracted in another form. In the North the question may safely be treated as it should have been treated in the South, and the extension made with care and deliberation. And the Northern States in which restrictions exist may very well contend that there is no public exigency requiring that those restrictions should be removed. Still, in failing to remove them, they lay themselves open to a charge not alone of inconsistency, but of a settled and malignant purpose of forcing on the South a system which they themselves will not endure. This allegation can be made with such apparent truth as to become the most potent and damaging of partisan cries—as indeed it has become, not only among the ignorant of the South, but also of the North. We are not discussing the matter now on the high grounds of principle and justice, whereon much might be said, but of expediency alone. The recent action of Michigan, as the former action of Ohio on this question, in view of the fact that both States have been and are supposed to be strongly Republican, have not only damaged that party



THE KU KLUX KLAN AT WORK—THE ASSASSINATION OF THE HON. G. W. ASHBURN, IN COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, ON THE 31ST ult.—SEE PAGE 87.

beyond computation, but given such color to the charge of intent to bind down and insult the South, as will go very far to prevent the return of order and good citizenship within its borders.

The question for Northern men of all parties to consider is this, Can they afford to keep up offensive and to them practically unimportant restrictions and distinctions, at the cost of prolonging turmoil in the South, and with the prospect of throwing the Government into the hands of the enemies of the country—the ignorant and the vile? Negro suffrage exists in the South and cannot be taken away without bloodshed and anarchy. And so long as it does not exist throughout the North, there will remain a plausible, and, as recent elections have shown, a powerful allegation of injustice and malice toward the South. We have sacrificed our friends and our fortunes to maintain the Union; are we so besotted as to refuse to sacrifice a prejudice, a persistence in which convulses and endangers the country? Let true patriotism answer.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1863.

NOTICE is hereby given, that no one, except himself, is authorized to use the name of FRANK LESLIE, either for business transactions or for obtaining facilities and courtesies extended to the Press.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Report of the Bureau of Statistics.

The commonly received belief in regard to statistics is that they are a very dry subject, and incapable of being enlivened by anything like fun. Long columns of figures, values, quantities, averages, imports, exports, per centages and balance of trade, certainly do not hold out a hopeful field for the humorist; and the last place in which any one would look for provocations to a hearty laugh is in the Reports of the Bureau of Statistics in Washington. The public, therefore, is much indebted to Mr. Delmar, the chief of this department, for the manner in which he has drawn up his first annual report, mingling "the grave with the gay, the lively with the severe."

The first, and in fact the chief part of the report, consists of an exposure of the scandalously loose way in which custom-house and other commercial returns have hitherto been made, errors of the gravest kind having been allowed to pass without remark. As an instance, at once of carelessness and of the Director's keen sense of humor, he tells of the collector at Pembina, "who reported that he had erroneously returned imports for exports, because he had a *felon* on his finger." And as if to point the joke, and prolong the laughter which such a Hibernicism must provoke, he adds in a foot-note that this is from a letter of the collector himself!

Again we are told of the absurdity of "Newport swelling her coastwise tonnage returns with the daily arrivals and departures of the Sound steamers; and in some of the border districts, every time a ferryboat entered and left a slip her tonnage found its way into the account of foreign entrances and clearances."

Passing to more serious matters, and as if to show the absolute necessity for a more accurate system of national accounts than has hitherto obtained, it is shown that between the highest and the lowest statements of the five different official returns of the imports of 1861, there is a discrepancy of \$65,000,000; of 1862, of \$70,000,000; of 1864, of \$1,000,000; and of 1865, of \$14,000,000. While in exports the discrepancies between the different authorities, all being official, in 1863, amount to \$18,000,000; in 1864, to \$40,000,000; and in 1865, to \$161,000,000.

With such blunders as these existing, how can commercial men ascertain how our trade stands, as compared with that of other nations? Mr. Delmar has evidently no fear of the charge of disloyalty in stating the exact truth, even when it strips the last rag off the popular belief that we are the leading commercial nation of the world. Hear him:

"Compared with 1860, our domestic exports for 1867 have fallen off nearly \$30,000,000, or over 10 per cent. During the same period, the domestic exports of the United Kingdom have increased \$237,000,000, or 30 per cent, and those of France (proper) \$226,500,000, or 43 per cent. Whatever have been the causes which have enabled Great Britain and France to outstrip us in their foreign commerce, it would seem that now no means should be neglected which will tend at least to restore our lost position. France has now double the amount of exports that we have, the United Kingdom three times the amount; and when it is remembered, not alone in its commercial, but in its social and equalizing aspect, what an important agent international commerce has become in the diffusion of intelligence and capital, and in the consequent promotion of peace and happiness, the suggestion derives new force, and demands that it be regarded with more than passing attention."

Our space will not allow us to dwell at the length they deserve upon many other subjects of interest in this important public document, which ought to be read and pondered upon by

every merchant in our land. We will point only to one more illusion it dispels, and that is of the popular belief that we can or do feed the world. Of the wheat and wheat flour imported into Great Britain during the year ending the 30th of June last, Russia furnished 35.1 per cent, the North German Union 29.7 per cent, France 10.7 per cent, Turkey 5.2 per cent, and the United States 5.4 per cent, the remainder being distributed among minor countries.

Perhaps we are happier for having eaten our own crops at home; but then, that is not commerce as Mr. Delmar understands it—that is, exchange of commodities. How we have paid for our imports, or run in debt for them, is quite another matter.

The "Alabama Claims."

Lord STANLEY contends as did Earl Russell, before him, that the fact of the early, and (as even Lord Stanley admits) premature recognition of the "Confederate States" as belligerents, shall not be a subject of review by any commission appointed to settle the "Alabama claims." The policy of Her Majesty's Government, it is contended, is not a subject for review by anybody or any body of men. But let any man suppose himself appointed arbiter in the Alabama matter. The question arises: Did the Alabama get out of Liverpool through causes over which the British Government had no control, or did she get out through culpable negligence or connivance on the part of that government?

Counsel for England contends the former; and assists his proof by evidence of the general good faith of the British Government at that time toward the United States, as he would be perfectly entitled to do, unless excluded by some not very conceivable restriction in the terms of the arbitration.

Counsel for America contends the latter. In order to show the probability that the British Government allowed the Alabama to escape, he adduces contemporary instances of ill-will on its part; and among these, he introduces its recognition of the Confederacy as belligerent under circumstances which made that recognition premature and insulting.

The question which occurs is: How can an arbitrator possibly exclude the evidence so tendered? How could he possibly say it was "irrelevant"? How much it would be worth in affecting his mind as to the real merits of the case is quite another question.

Unless absolutely excluded from doing so by some framing of the terms of arbitration more curiously restrictive than can be anticipated, the arbitrator must take that circumstance into consideration if asked by counsel to do so, or if sworn to decide in equity.

As far as the United States is concerned, the longer the Alabama business is left open, the better. We may find an opportunity ultimately of recuperating the losses inflicted by British policy toward us.

Population.

One would think, when reading our vainglorious newspapers, that all the ends of life, individual and national, hinged on an increase in the census returns of population. They forget that if men multiply, so does misery multiply. If luxury increases, so does insatiable human desire; and luxury, moreover, for some, means want for many. When Indians whooped and fought on the banks of the Hudson or the Delaware, the squaw was content with a chaplet of wampum, and a rag round her loins for decency. Her civilized successor insists on necklaces and bracelets from Paris, and what in the squaw we call naked, in the fine lady we call *un peu décolleté*. The difference is not wholly in favor of civilization. The squaw at least gathered her own shells, and strung them for herself. Her successor is less thrifty and less industrious. The squaw dressed herself scantily in rags for decency's sake. The fine lady undresses herself in lace and cambric for indecency's sake. Again, what is gained by the advance of some men to a civilized standard, if their advance still leaves increasing numbers behind them worse off than the savages were? For the savage, being at least up to the mark of the highest social standard known to him, escaped that most ruinous of all sentiments—a consciousness of a degradation out of which there is neither desire nor means to make a way. The sediment that sinks to the bottom of great cities suffers all the hurt that comes from this fatal consciousness of a hopelessly sunk condition, which deliberately drives men and women to identify their good with evil. An Indian, in spite of his filth and rags and readiness to get drunk, yet has a dignity of manner which Louis the Fourteenth or one of his chamberlains could not have surpassed. The creature thinks himself a very fine fellow; and on the whole, if a man must be dirty and drunken, it is better that he should be dignified and proud than that he should be not only dirty and drunken, but be mean and devoid of all sense of self-respect in the bargain. To have saved any-

thing from the moral wreck is by so much better than to have lost everything. The corruption of the best makes the worst, and no savage is so vile and brutal as the savage of a civilized society. That increase of population on which we are accustomed to pride ourselves, as though it were some prime credit to us, pretty unmistakably means an increase of the sediment, if not relatively, still absolutely; and that it should be only absolutely is quite a bitter enough reflection. For though the number of depraved members of society may not grow in proportion to the total number, yet the quality of their depravity is likely to grow worse in proportion to the elevation of the standard of the best.

Things of the Day.

A LETTER from Rome states that our post-painter, Buchanan Read, is busy on a picture to be called "Sheridan's Ride," and a very sweet composition, to be called "The Pleiades." Seven female figures are grouped, or rather woven together by many graceful movements of limbs and draperies, in the middle of the canvas, while one is breaking from the circle and plunging, like the falling meteor, into the starry depths. —Garibaldi's known and well-deserved hostility to Louis Napoleon finds expression in a recent letter to Karl Blind, in which he says: "To combat Bonaparte is to combat the devil. In my opinion, not only all Germany ought to resist him, but Italy also—nay, the whole world ought to make common cause against him." —A San Francisco paper thus describes "the smallest coin in the world": "It is Chinese, of the value of a thousandth part of a dollar, or the tenth of a cent of American currency, and is of copper, and a little larger than a gold dollar. It has a hole in the centre, so that it may be strung on a string, China fashion, and has on one side the characters corresponding with those on the 'copper cash,' which it is expected to take the place of in China. It was issued from the Hong-Kong Mint, and bears the initials, 'V. R.', with the English crown and the date, and the denomination, 'One Mill,' upon the obverse." —There is an institution in London, called the Queen's Institute, for educating and qualifying young women for honorable and remunerative employment. They are taught the use of sewing-machines, telegraph-operating, drawing on wood, and many other things. Sixty-one graduates are now employed in the offices of a single telegraph company. Some graduates make \$50 a week by drawing on wood, and others nearly as much by engraving. —The New York Tribune recently published at the head of its editorial columns, in conspicuous type, that Gen. Grant had "announced it as his opinion that the only hope for the peace of the country is the success of the pending impeachment trial," and adds: "He feels that national security demands the removal of the President. If the trial should fail, the people can only expect more assumptions of power, and a more determined resistance to law. When the general of our armies entertains this conviction, there is no room for doubt as to the duty of the Senate. The loyal nation demands the President's removal." —It is a mistake to suppose that our House of Representatives in the most disorderly legislative body in the world. One has only to see the British House of Commons on any exciting occasion, the members sitting with their hats on, and witness the "coughing-down" of an unacceptable speaker. The French Chambers are not much better, if, indeed, they are not worse. A Paris correspondent says of the Corps Legislatif, that a more tumultuous, convulsive, epileptic assemblage does not exist out of Charenton. To call such a gesticulating, ejaculating congregation a deliberative assembly is to play a trick on the word. Imagine a deliberative assembly putting an obnoxious orator down by beating on their desks in concert with their paper-cutters! It is like the five time beat of the theatre when 'that rag' is a long time in going up." —The New York Times occasionally rises to the dignity of a joke. This is its latest effort: "An association of literary and artistic ladies has been formed in this city, for the purpose of securing to its members the pleasures and advantages enjoyed by gentlemen in their clubs. Understanding that some difficulty is experienced in deciding on a name for the association, we humbly, and we trust with a proper sense of our presumption, venture to suggest *The Petio(a)terie*, as neat, appropriate and descriptive."

—The Government of Napoleon III. has resolved to accept the responsibility of the two loans made to the unlucky Maximilian of Hapsburg by the French capitalists, who relied on the understood guarantee of their Emperor. An addition has been made to the French national debt for the payment of 3,000,000 francs annually, to secure the interest of those loans. —It is proposed to transport to England "Cleopatra's Needle," the prostrate obelisk at Alexandria, Egypt, which Ali Pasha gave to George IV. forty years ago. The cost of carriage would be \$100,000. —Goldwin Smith, in a lecture at Brighton, England, said that the root of monarchy in England was dead, and that the tie existing between Queen Victoria and the English people was purely one of personal affection. —A French paper states that a M. Galy Cazalat has invented an ingenious process for compressing molten steel, intended for guns, so effectively as to save all the labor of hammering. In the upper part of the mold into which the metal is run is an apparatus containing a small quantity of highly inflammable powder, which, in burning, generates gas in such quantity as to produce thereby in a very short time a pressure of ten atmospheres. This pressure expels the gases contained in the steel, and forces the metallic molecules into the closest union. —The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society of London have devoted \$250 as a prize for "the best form of kite or other

aerial arrangement, or modification thereof, for establishing a communication from a wreck on shore, or between two vessels at sea." —It would appear that the art of reporting is of far greater antiquity than the last century. Plutarch, at all events, says of Cicero that he "dispersed about the Senate House several expert writers, whom he taught to make certain figures, and who put down all that he said in little short strokes, equivalent to words." It would look, therefore, as if there must have been something like a "reporters' gallery" in the Roman Forum. —It was stated at the annual anniversary of the National Life Boat Association of England that last year the society was instrumental in saving 1,066 lives; and that since 1824, when the institution was first established, 17,000 lives had been preserved by its means. —There have been several riots in France consequent on the new army bill. In Bordeaux it was necessary to call out the military. The equestrian statue of the Emperor, with "L'Empire c'est la paix" carved on the pedestal, was pealed with mire and otherwise insulted. The young men who had been liberated from military service, but who are now required to serve in the Garde Mobile, presented themselves before the Council of Revision, each with a carrot in his button-hole, in token of having been deceived by the Government.

OBTAINING the Vice Presidency is not precisely the best way of placing one's self in the "line of promotion" for the Presidency. One only of all our Vice Presidents, Mr. Van Buren, ever reached the White House through the will of the people. Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson were there through "afflicting dispensations of Divine Providence," and each one spent his whole term in vain schemes to obtain a subsequent nomination and election by the people. All tried to create parties for themselves through dispensation of patronage, thereby drawing round them a horde of flatterers and hypocrites, the soldiers of fortune of politics, and repelling all honest and high-toned men. One would have supposed, with the wretched fate of Tyler and Fillmore before him, Mr. Johnson would have suppressed the "vaulting ambition" which upset the equilibrium of those men and brought them into obloquy and contempt. They at least were discreet enough to retain their hold on office for a full legal term.

NOTHING is more offensive than the conceit of young men in their intercourse with women. We often see in society young men, whose notions as to things in general must necessarily (from the mere fact of their youth) be of the crudest kind, patronizingly talking to women old enough to be their mothers, and laying down the law as if they were indeed "the people, and wisdom would die with them." One feels disposed to smile, and half inclined to inquire how the world got on without them.

MR. MOTLEY, in his "United Netherland," ascribes the first use of the word "Rough" to designate a rude and vulgar fellow, to Queen Elizabeth in her last illness; when besought to name the man on whom the Crown should devolve, she replied "not to a Rough," and he adds in a note, apparently from a letter of Secretary Scaramelli, that the word "in lingua inglese significa persona bassa e vile."

THE Samaritan Home for the Aged is a charitable institution opened in May, 1866, at 259 West 37th street, in the city of New York. At present it is occupied by women, but it is the intention of the directors to enlarge the establishment for the accommodation of aged men. The benevolent members of our community who have charge of this undertaking therefore appeal to the public for donations and yearly subscriptions to sustain this much-needed charity. It will be conducted with the strictest economy; is unsectarian, and represents all Protestant denominations in its board. We trust that the response to this appeal will be liberal and immediate. President, Mrs. James McVicar, 33 East 22d street; Vice-President, Mrs. Henry Smythe, 21 East 14th street; Secretary, Mrs. George Curtis, 27 Washington Place; Treasurer, Mrs. Robert S. Hone, 247 Fifth avenue; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. S. W. Bridgman, 24 Waverley Place; Advisory Committee, Mr. R. S. Hone, 247 Fifth avenue; Mr. H. A. Smythe, 21 East 14th street; Mr. S. W. Bridgman, 24 Waverley Place; Mr. Wm. H. McVicar, 33 East 22d street; Legal Adviser, Mr. Charles E. Strong, 64 Wall street.

THEATRICAL.

TO a visitant from the immediate "flats" of meadow and island which lie beyond the two streams that girdle the city of New York, it might at this moment not unreasonably appear that the Island Queen is theatrically disorganized. When he finds that Mr. Maretzki is about to take a benefit in Brooklyn, he may imagine that Opera has altogether fled from the more especially as "La Belle Helene" has just made her *debut* in the same locality. Lester Wallack is paying Brooklyn a flying visit with "Rosedale" and his company. Chanfrau is producing "Joe" or "Sam," or some other of his three-or-four-letter comic extravaganzas, there: while a greater "star" than either of them, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, is for the nonce shining from the reader's desk in the Brooklyn Institute. When, we say, he sees all this, the stranger from the rural districts might, without stretching his fancy to any absurd extent, not unnaturally conclude that New York had theatrically gone under the current of historical life—that nothing good or bad was left it, and that the majority of our temples of amusement presented their closed doors only, to their regular frequenters.

Never could a more complete error have clouded the brain of any individual.

Has not Mr. Charles Dickens reappeared at Steinway Hall to take his farewell of us, and reappeared to audiences as large, if not as enthusiastic, as those which he drew around him upon his first appearance in that

A combination operatic troupe has attempted, or is about to attempt doing something peculiarly and merrily for itself and its members—all excellent vocalists—at the Academy of Music.

Bateman has not yet deserted New York. Why should

be, as long as he gives it such musical fun and extravagance as "La Belle Helene," or "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," or so long as New York can still find a greenback with which to pay for admission?

"Oliver Twist" replaces "Rosedale," and James Wallack, with Davyport and Rose Eytling, take the place of *le bon* Lester and his companions; while—

The Williams return to us and replace Chanfrau at their charming little Broadway house.

That these artists will do so with complete success, no one who knows anything of New York theatricals can entertain the slightest doubt. It is a tolerably long absence during which Mr. Barney Williams has sacrificed his own appearance and that of his naively sparkling wife to that of the various artists who have successfully filled the principle positions under his management. Both of them are decided favorites, in such different lines, with the lovers of the Theatre in this city, and indeed all over the country, that it must have required no small amount of self-denial to have offered their friends the constant succession of advertised novelties for which, until the present moment, they dispensed themselves. They now, however, appear before those who have invariably accorded them a frank and hearty general reception, and will necessarily crowd the Broadway to its extreme limits of reception.

What can we say of the "White Fawn," save that its marvellous splendor has suffered nothing to fall off in its attraction, at Niblo's Garden?

What of "Humperdinck," if it be not that the Pantomime promises to stretch out until "the crack of doom"—or rather to the summer heats, which promise us this year to be unusually severe, if we are to measure them by the lengthy chilliness and continuous snow of the past Winter, and passing Spring.

ART GOSSIP.

THE Saturday afternoon receptions in the several art studios throughout the city have been discontinued for the season. On Tuesday afternoon, April 14th, the galleries of the Academy of Design were opened, informally, to a number of invited guests; and in the evening the regular reception preceding the public opening of the annual summer exhibition was given. The galleries are now open to the public.

Mr. J. G. Brown is at work on a small picture, the subject of which is a sly-looking little girl concealing herself amid some thick foliage. Another picture, lately finished by the same artist, and called "Waiting for a Bluff," represents a boy of the rustic Bohemian stamp deeply occupied with his rod and line. For character this picture is excellent, and the landscape portion of it is very fresh and charming.

In the studio of Mr. W. Cary Smith there are to be seen many marine subjects, the materials for which were procured by the artist along the coast of Rhode Island and elsewhere. Mr. Smith makes a specialty of subjects of this class.

A very well-executed flower-piece, representing orchids of various forms and tints of color, in the latest work finished by Mr. W. J. Hays. He is now engaged upon two companion pictures—one representing a couple of setters in the field, the other a heavy, old-fashioned pointer. These pictures, which are very characteristic, are portraits, and life-sized.

Mr. A. F. Bellow, although he has contributed one picture in oil to the Academy Exhibition, just now opened, devotes himself almost exclusively to landscape painting in water-colors. We have recently had the pleasure of inspecting in his studio, at No. 6 Astor Place, a number of subjects of this class, on which he has lately been working. These pictures are remarkable for their transparency and atmospheric effects, as well as for the delicacy with which the details of the foliage and vegetation generally are worked out.

Mr. G. C. Lambdin, heretofore a resident of Philadelphia, but well-known here, for several years past, by the pictures contributed by him to the various exhibitions, has taken a studio in the building No. 15 West Tenth street, where he is now engaged in the practice of his art.

A team of wood-ducks, nestling and pruning their feathers amid the florid and sedgy vegetation of a marsh, forms the pleasing subject of a picture on which Mr. W. H. Beard is now engaged.

HOW ARE THINGS DOWN SOUTH?

SUCH is the inquiry of every person I meet who knows that I am just returned from a flying tour of twenty-four days through the Southern States; an inquiry not of idle curiosity, as one would ask, How are things in Canada? but prompted by a kindly and fraternal interest in the fortunes of our misguided and now ruined countrymen, who, under the lead of demagogues and politicians, were drawn into the mastodon of secession, which, as prophesied by Stephens, of Georgia, proved to be suicide. What is the condition of the Southern people? How are the blacks conducting themselves? What are the prospects of the planters? How do they treat and talk about Northerners?

To answer these queries in order, I would say that the condition of the people in the Southern States lately in rebellion is miserable and well-nigh desperate. From observation and inquiry in Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Virginia, my conclusion is, that unless this coming year's crops are better than for the past two seasons, those States will be well-nigh desolated and abandoned. Already one is struck by the sparseness of humanity through the country, and even in the towns and cities. One cannot help asking, Where are the four million of negroes who, by the census were there before the war, and what has become of the three and a half millions of whites who then were their owners and rulers? Making liberal allowances for the losses and devastation of the war, there is a vast number still unaccounted for, and the only explanation I could get was that multitudes of the blacks died of disease, want and exposure during the first two years a ter Lee's surrender.

Population had even been the want of the South, for in its palmiest days not five per cent. of the land was cultivated, and during the last year not two per cent. of those fertile territories was planted. The partial failure of the crops and the low price of cotton had brought both races to a starving situation, and was it not for the late advance in prices of their great staple, it was inevitable that universal famine and death would have depopulated the country. In the hope of better returns for their crops, and that the market may bring them some equivalent for their labor, there is a moderate disposition to make one more effort before despairing entirely. The whites are sullen and dispirited no less for these reasons than by the failure of the rebellion, and it must surely be conceded that, proud and arrogant as were their hot natures, they have shown a spirit of patience and ad heroism that would not have disgraced Puritans. Mothers and daughters of the oldest and best blood have in good faith accepted the situation, and without murmur are discharging the duties and manly offices formerly devolving upon slaves. And there were not wanting some instances of the young chivalry holding the plow behind oxen in the broad fields, and laborers of both colors were often seen repairing the fences and plowing the corn. Old clothes well patched in the ruling fashion, and the babies as a general rule would not be too good for antiquaries.

The blacks are, as ever, conducting themselves with subordination and good humor; in their cat-like nature preferring the "old plantation" and sharing the fortunes of their former masters. They have unbounded confidence in the Freedman's Bureau and fly to it for protection and redress for all kinds of wrongs. A story was told me of a venerable darkey lately going to the door to complain of his employer's neglect to pay wages, and addressing himself to a way who happened to be there in the absence of the regular officer, said, among other things, that when he demanded his wages,

his old master gave him nothing but *chases*. "What, did he curse you?" asked the way. "Yes sir, Captain, he cursed me twice." "Then," said the way, scratching with an inkless old quill pen on the back of a book, "I fine him nine dollars." "What, sir, do you fine him for *chasing*?" "Yes; four dollars and a half for each time." "Den mass done gone and caused hisself out dis year's crop!" and leaving the office, made all haste to carry the news to his companions in the same employ, who, a few hours later coming in a body to the Bureau to make their complaints for being cursed, learned from the Commissioner that *chasing* was an offense beyond his jurisdiction.

The general rule prevailing on the plantations is for the owner to furnish everything in the way of seed, stock and machinery, and the blacks to do all the work and divide equally the harvest; and I was assured that the whites have no cause to regret the new order of things, in that now that he has an interest in the produce and provides his own food and clothing, the negro works with a will, and is not that wasteful and destructive animal he was supposed to be when in slavery.

Abandoned by their old masters, and in many cases led by curiosity and wandering nature, thousands have flocked to the large towns, where they may be seen enjoying supreme liberty and idleness, haunting the railway depots and steamboat landings. Some complaint is made of their petty larcenies, generally of pigs and poultry, and of the invariable *not guilty* finding of those of their race on the jury. Yet there were not wanting whites who frankly confess that, remembering the former condition of the black man in the South, it is a subject of congratulation, it is amazing how orderly and honest he conducts himself in his new character of equal before the law.

Submission, acquiescence are the traits of the African race, and when, in a short time, his confused notions of freedom are dispelled, and he understands better that liberty is not immunity from labor, but the right to the reward of it, then, with the fostering aid of his white partners, the black man will secure to the sunny South a degree of property and wealth surpassing the dreams of Toombs and Yancey.

Under the old slave system of labor the soil was exhausted, and not one-twentieth part of it cultivated; the rude and cumbersome and slow modes of agriculture failed to produce hardly a tithe of what bountiful nature offered to the husbandman, and the expense to the master of cruel overseers and bloodhounds, and the hundred other curiosities of slavery, made it the costliest way of gaining money. Freed now from these burdens, and—better still, disintegrated of demagogues and corrupt political leaders, who dragged them through a ruinous war to odious republicanism—those fertile, pleasant lands will emerge from barbarism and want to civilization and wealth.

As for the sentiment felt toward Northern people who come among them, if one can judge by words and deeds, it is good—better than before the war; and if a Northern man goes there and is troubled, it will be of his own folly. I was told by many, "We want you Northern people to come here with your capital and modern improvements, and work and live with us. The war is over, slavery is extinct, and there are no more differences between us. Our farms are too large. We will sell to you at your own price what you want, and let us pull together fraternally." Such are the expressions of those whites whom I interrogated; and I believe they are sincere. Quite naturally they are desirous of having their political status and rights fixed permanently by law; and I was often told that, whatever may be determined by Congress, their condition cannot be worse than the present, and therefore must be better. Unhappy South! When rescued from the tyranny of Jeff. Davis, it received the fatal embrace of Andrew Johnson, and is prostrate to our mercy.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE great fight on the Irish debate has come off, and the two political parties have now taken up their respective positions for the political campaign. The fight will be over the Irish Church. The Liberal party has decided to throw it over as "a tub to the whale," and is prepared to "disestablish" the establishment. Whether Ireland will be pacified on these conditions remains to be seen, for the distinctive mark of Feudalism has been its abhorrence of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. If the Church of Ireland is sacrificed to the situation, then the "establishment" of the Roman Catholic Church as a state religion looms in the future; as it is quite clear, with the Church of England "as by law established" here, and the Kirk as established in Scotland, Ireland is clearly entitled to her "establishment" also. The empire will then consist of three estates, with three religions, not a very promising future for "unity." Gladstone, who is much disheartened by his temporary exclusion from office, bids high for its recovery. The debate was spirited and animated, and enlivened by the asides of Lowe and Horace, Butler Johnston, "the brilliant hope" of the future of the other House, added to the speeches of the Irish members, the present batch of whom possess no very commanding oratory. As to the "finity" of tenure, all sides are agreed that something must be done about tenant right. The next thing that must go is the primogeniture law, the effect of which has been in the increase of population that there are only half as many freeholders as there was in England in the days of William the Conqueror, and one-fifteenth as many or as less, to speak logically, as there were in the days of the Second George. The educational question is more difficult, as religious differences preclude the possibility of a uniform system. The Church question will prove the "stumbling-block," as the "disestablishment" of the Irish will be regarded as a step leading to that of the English Church. It would be easier and more logical to establish the Roman Catholic Church in its place, as "justice to Ireland" will hereafter demand an establishment, as well as the sister kingdom. It is clearly on the cards that each or none must have an establishment, and the moment has not yet arrived for overthrowing all three establishments. The case is quite different here to that of America, which started in life without the trammel or encumbrance of an "establishment." Whereas, here some form of religion or other has been endowed and maintained by the state for eight centuries, and can not bolt at a rush and leave no wreck behind. The "sale of Liquors" on Sunday has also been under consideration. The total-totahers here want a "Maine liquor law" and begin with the better observance and less beer of the Sabbath. The working-classes are said to desire it; the proposal is to shut up public-houses on Sunday and permit no drinks on the premises, and to allow beer to be obtained only on four hours of that day. The thirsty or weary traveler will have to apply to the village well or the parish pump—which, by-the-by, is locked up in London—for a beverage which does not intoxicate. The bill will not pass this session, and has been referred to the great "political panacea," a select committee, whose report will go before the next Parliament. It is an important moment for its appearance, when the members of the House are on the point of reappearing before their constituents. The last time "the people's beer" was the subject of legislation serious riots took place, the windows of the club-houses and of the fashionable of Belgravian were broken, and the bill thrown out. As the beer is the "nectar" of the lower classes, and they could not even live without a due supply of it, the subject is "vital" to them. It will flow, however, at present, at the usual hours, and from the regular "taps"; but the licensed victuallers have taken the alarm, and placards against Abel Smith's bill are to be seen in most of the public-houses. Smith, no doubt, represents a constituency that drinks nothing but what is called "Adam's ale," or he would not have ventured on the move at the eve of a general election.

Chelmsford, the ex-Chancellor, has been offered the Order of G.C.B.—"Grand Cross of the Bath"—a very incongruous decoration, as it is almost limited to men

of the sword, not the robe. Chelmsford has very properly declined it. There is some little obscurity about the reason of his retirement. Some say he was not pliant about the nomination of Judges, for the Chancellor names the plume ones, and Hannars, an excellent lawyer, was recommended to him for promotion "by authority."

Some internal Government changes are going on. One is a reformation of the War Office, in which it is proposed to introduce a system resembling the French, by appointing commissioners, who are to audit accounts at headquarters, the paymasters sending in vouchers but not making out an account, which is to be done by the auditors. Hitherto the accounts and vouchers have been audited at the London office, where the whole army account passed through the desk of the accountant's department, and were checked and controlled at headquarters. The scheme is Lord Stratford's, who, it may be recollect, was the British officer attached to the French headquarters in the Crimea. The experiment is to be tried first in Ireland; but it appears doubtful whether the audit will be so good and strict when detached from imperial control here. The other reform is in the monthly payment of officials by the Paymaster General; this is to avoid balances or financial "hell-taps," and is convenient to the junior clerks who will be well posted up with ready money.

The Abyssinian Expedition is nowhere; that phantom Theodore is not to be found; the other native rulers are polite for a consideration, and the army moves at an expense and with a luxury truly Asiatic. The bill will be heavy, and the four millions soon run out.

Several persons have lately died in Paris, amongst them a well-known orator, the Rev. Mr. H. Christmas, who was there seized with apoplexy, and conveyed to the Charing Cross Hospital; a Queen's messenger and a cleric of the British Museum have also died under similar circumstances. Christmas was robbed by a policeman during the fatal attack.

Mr. Adams, the American Minister, has had an address presented to him by the International League of Peace and Liberty. Beale, the head of the Reform League, supported by Potter and Candlish, both M.P.'s, presented it, and there was a mutual expression of good will on the occasion.

One Miles Weatherill has committed a murder at Todmorden, characterized as unparalleled in the history of crime. He had a sweetheart named Sarah Bell, domestic servant of the Rev. H. A. Plow, the vicar. Bell was dismissed for encouraging the attentions of Weatherill, who revenged himself by shooting Bell's fellow-servant, inflicting such injuries on the Reverend Plow that he has since died, and so injuring Mrs. Plow that her baby, which had to be removed, has since died. Weatherill shows no contrition, has been condemned to death, and will undoubtedly be hanged; but there appears to be some spontaneous insanity about him. His extreme youth and "mad love" for Sarah Bell, added to some letters he has written, have invested the horrible event with an unusual interest. His face is described as frank and open, and his demeanor unconcerned.

The dowager-lady Tichborne, the mother of the Australian claimant to the estates and title, has died, suddenly. Sir Roger Tichborne, the claimant, took possession of the body and conducted the funeral, and accompanied by certain parties and a gigantic negro named Bogle, "extincted" the other relations, who were acting as chief mourners, from their place in the procession. The whole affair will pass to the legal tribunals before which the case is coming on, and will be *caveat*.

In France there is not much moving, as the Press Bill has passed. The Empire is, however, on its defense, and has published a justificatory pamphlet, while the hints about the assumption of the Prince Imperial into the Government along with his father, although not attempted, show that the "dynasty" is uneasy. The Orleans party are full of hope, all alive to the situation, but nothing is in their favor at present. The mission of Prince Napoleon is said to be a diplomatic coqueting with Russia on the Eastern question, which means the partition of Turkey. This move was already surmised from the identical note last year which led to the Abyssinian Expedition. The conscription in France is unpopular in the South, and led to some riots, as those who thought themselves exempt suddenly became aware they were drafted into the Garde Mobile, which may be mobilized in case of war, and is really a reserve. The errors of the French conscription, its protracted service and its increasing difficulty, have been already pointed out. The fact is, the French Marshals only believe in veterans, and will keep men longer in the service than is necessary.

In Italy affairs are not improving. The Kingdom of Italy is in the midst of a financial crisis, and a ten per cent. income-tax is to be imposed. The deficit is enormous, and the trouble of raising direct taxes increasing.

At Rome the carnival was quite a failure, only six carriages to be seen on the Corso on the last day, and the Corso crowded with Zouaves, Antibes, legionaries and rowdies. All the internal fortifications are being strengthened, and new earthwork batteries raised round St. Angelo, while on the Aventine a new fort is being constructed, which, mounting guns of the heaviest calibre, will command the whole of the city and the Tiber. The Pope has made a new batch of cardinals, and amongst them is a Bonaparte, who has received the honor of the "hat," and who is regarded as the future aspirant for the "tiara," which he will doubtless obtain should the present "eldest son" of the church be on the throne of France when the "seat" is vacant. The new cardinal is a Bonaparte "eminently," as his father was the son of Lucien, and his mother the daughter of Joseph, brothers of Napoleon I. The cardinal's father, Charles, was Prince of Canino, and formerly President of the Roman Republic, and of prodigies most anti-Papal. As the Austrians are "whipt" out of Italy, the future Pope will decidedly be French, and the Sacred Consistory, animated both by prudence and policy, will no doubt choose the "right man" for the right place.

Portugal seems in trouble, and there has been a row at Maia, when tranquility was restored by the departure of an obnoxious deputy.

The King of Italy has nominated Panzica and Peppi senator.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

ONE of those little romances of which the French are so fond has lately taken place in Paris, and is thus described in a journal: M. Robert, an immensely wealthy and highly accomplished *elegant*, well-known not only for his valuable collections of paintings and medieval relics, but for his rare skill as a designer and painter, hearing that one of his tenants, a M. B.—whom he had never seen, kept one of the most extensive ateliers of fancy boxes and ornamental objects in France, called on him with a view to make his acquaintance.

Entering the counting-room, he found a good-natured eccentric gentleman of middle age, who greeted him, and exclaimed:

"I suppose you also have seen my advertisement, and come to apply for that situation as designer?"

For a joke M. Robert replied that he had. M. B.—supplied him with paints and brushes, and requested him to produce a design for a casket. M. Robert soon found that what M. B.—really wanted was an artist who would strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure, and formed on an extensive knowledge of art. In a short time he produced a sketch, which suited the employer to a dot—"a point."

M. Robert very gravely engaged himself, exacted good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in the room which was assigned to him. But when he was introduced to the workroom and found one hundred and fifty girls, many of them young and beautiful, busily employed, and was informed that he should be required to supply them with designs, and show the young ladies how they were to be carried out, the young artist began to feel as if he should have to be carried out himself—being very susceptible.

"Working for a living," said he to himself, "is not entirely devoid of attraction. Let us work."

M. Robert being an accomplished artist, delighted his employer, and he soon found a remarkable fascination in seeing his designs realized in stone, silver, enamel, or wood. He took a pleasure hitherto unknown in seeing his works in shop windows and finding them in the boudoirs of his friends. This workshop life was of course carefully concealed from "society," nor did his employer ever suspect that his artist was his landlord. But M. Robert soon found a more intense object of fascination in the daughter of M. B.—a young lady who also took part in the duties of the atelier. This damsel was as remarkable for her accomplishments as for her extraordinary beauty, and M. Robert soon found that as regarded taste and culture in all matters which specially interested him he had never met with any one like her. Step by step, the pair fell in love, and little by little the artist so ingratiated himself with the father that the latter, after due deliberation, consented to their union.

Previous to the marriage the old gentleman one day spoke of a dower. "I shall give Marie fifty thousand francs," said he, with a little air of boasting. "Eh, mon garçon?"

"And I suppose," added M. Robert, gravely, "that I, too, must settle something on my wife. Well—I will."

This caused a peal of laughter, which was redoubled when the artist added:

"And I will settle this piece of property, house and all, with the building adjoining on her."

But what was their amazement when M. Robert drew forth the title-deed, and said:

"You seem to forget that I am your landlord? Isn't my name Robert?"

The young lady did not faint, but papa nearly died of astonishment and joy. There was a magnificent wedding, but the bridegroom has not given up business. He declares that there is as much amusement in being useful as in amusing one's self.

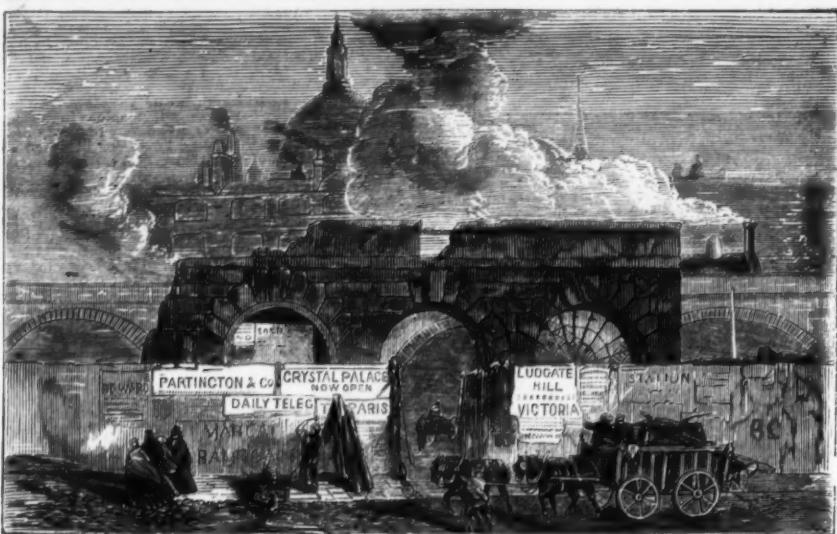
TENNYSON'S LAST.

SOME of the minor literary papers of London, such as *Good Words* and *Once a Week*, are trying to get up a circulation by engaging the highest names

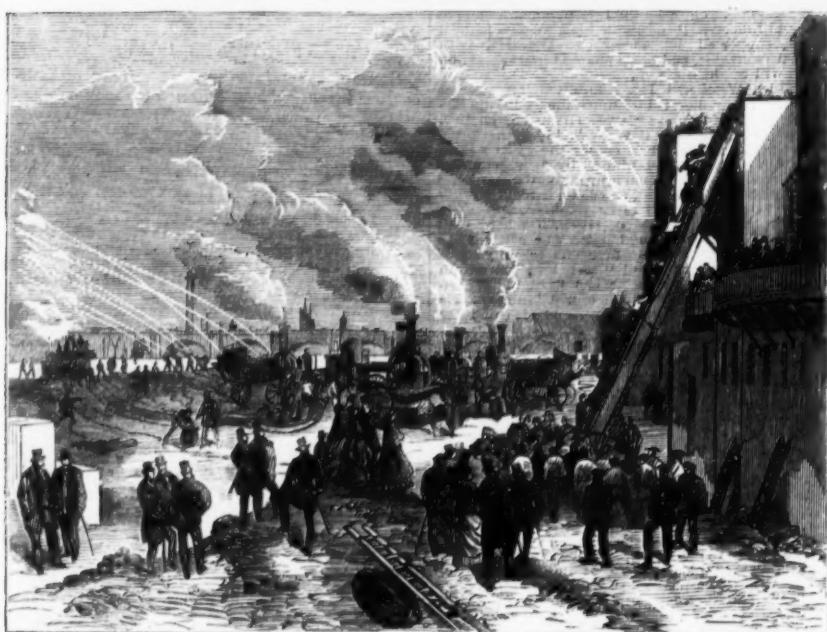
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 85.



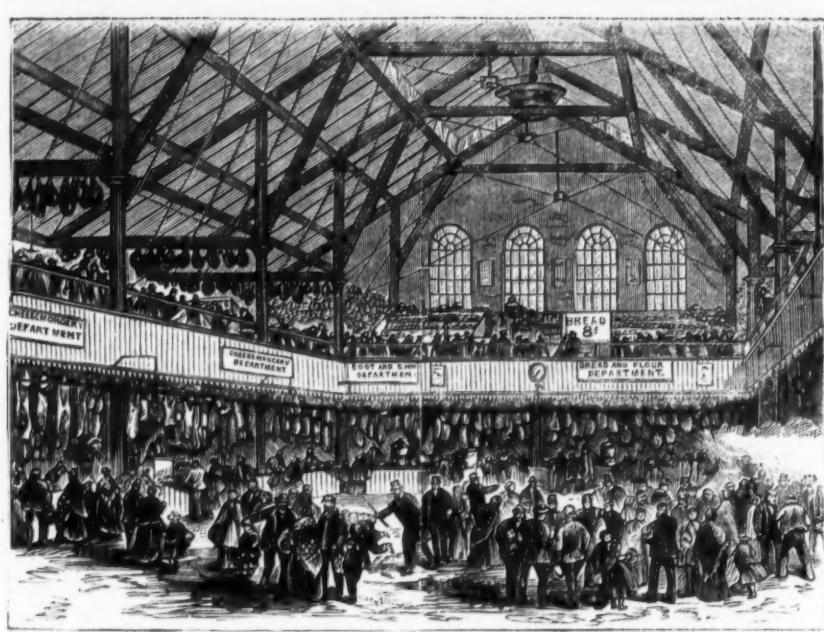
FORLORN CONDITION OF TEMPLE BAR, LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE LAST OF THE OLD FLEET PRISON, LONDON, ENGLAND.



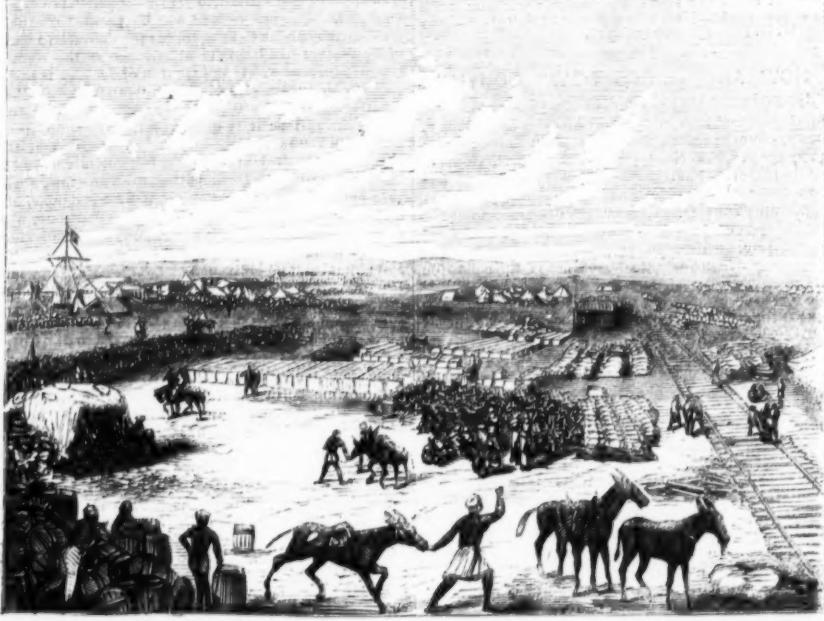
THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE AT PRACTICE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON, ENGLAND.



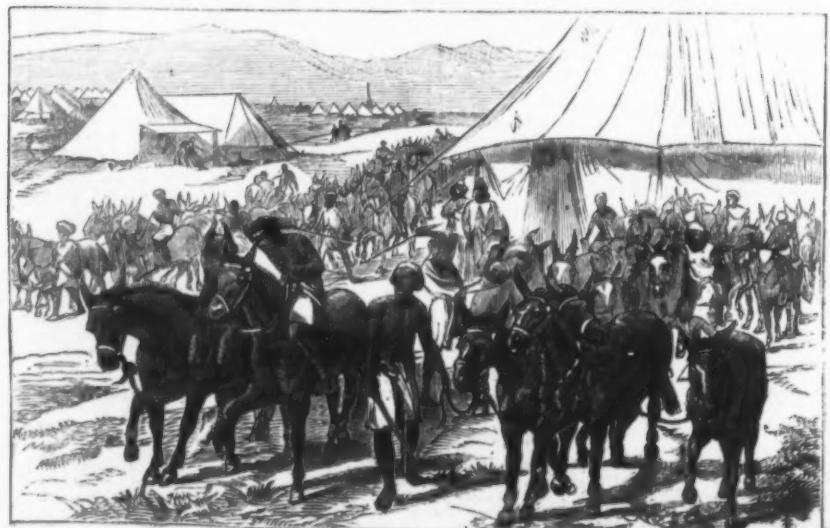
THE PEOPLE'S MARKET, WHITECHAPEL, LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE MARKET AT BRUNN, AUSTRIA.



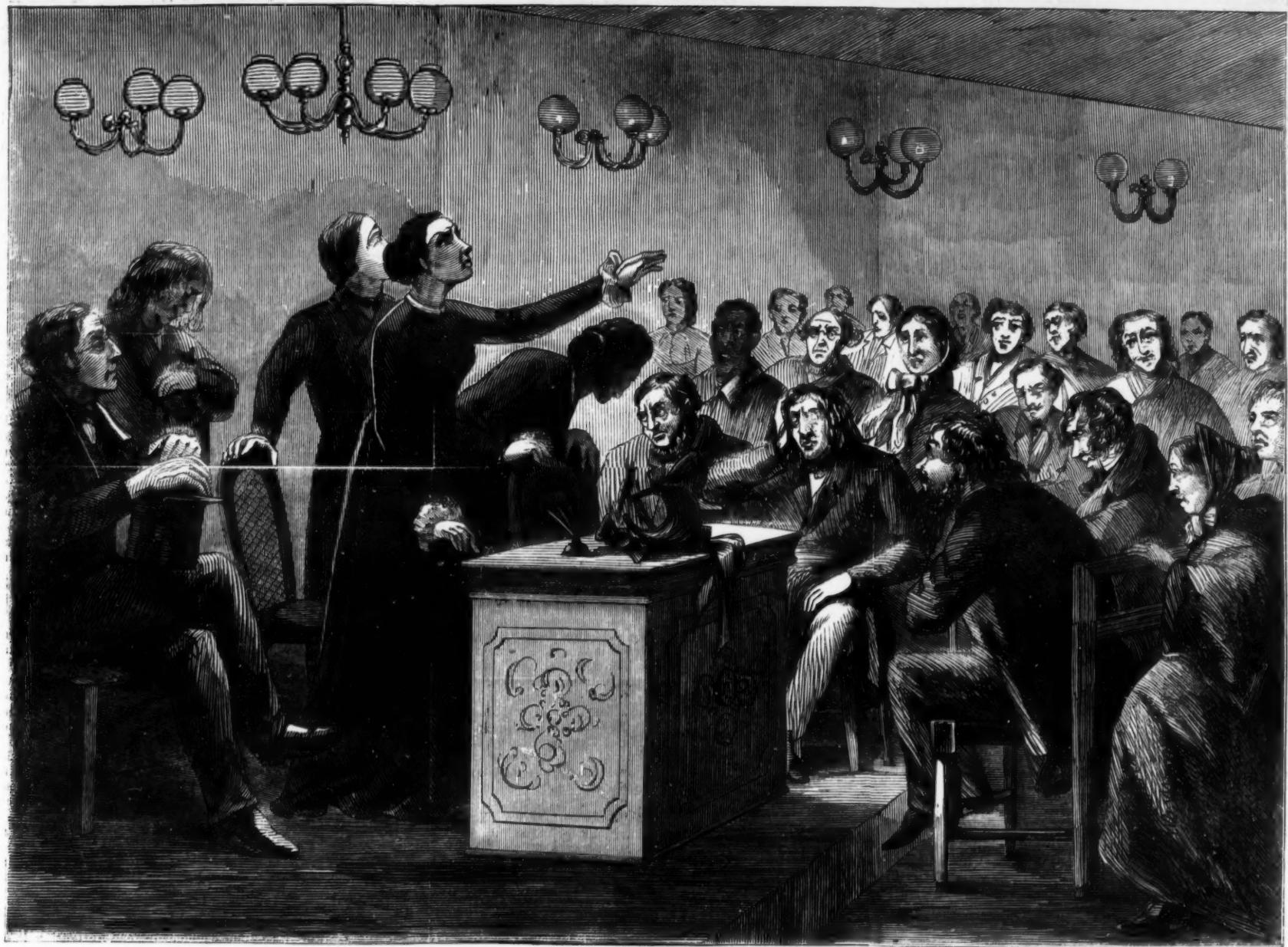
THE EXPEDITION TO ABYSSINIA—VIEW OF ZULLA CAMP LOOKING WEST, SHOWING COMMISSARIAT STORES AND RAILWAY.



MULES AND MULE DRIVERS, BRITISH CAMP, ABYSSINIA.



WATER CARRIERS AND CAMP FOLLOWERS, BRITISH CAMP, ABYSSINIA.



THE SPIRITUALISTS AT DODWORTH HALL, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 86.

**PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED
EUROPEAN PRESS.**

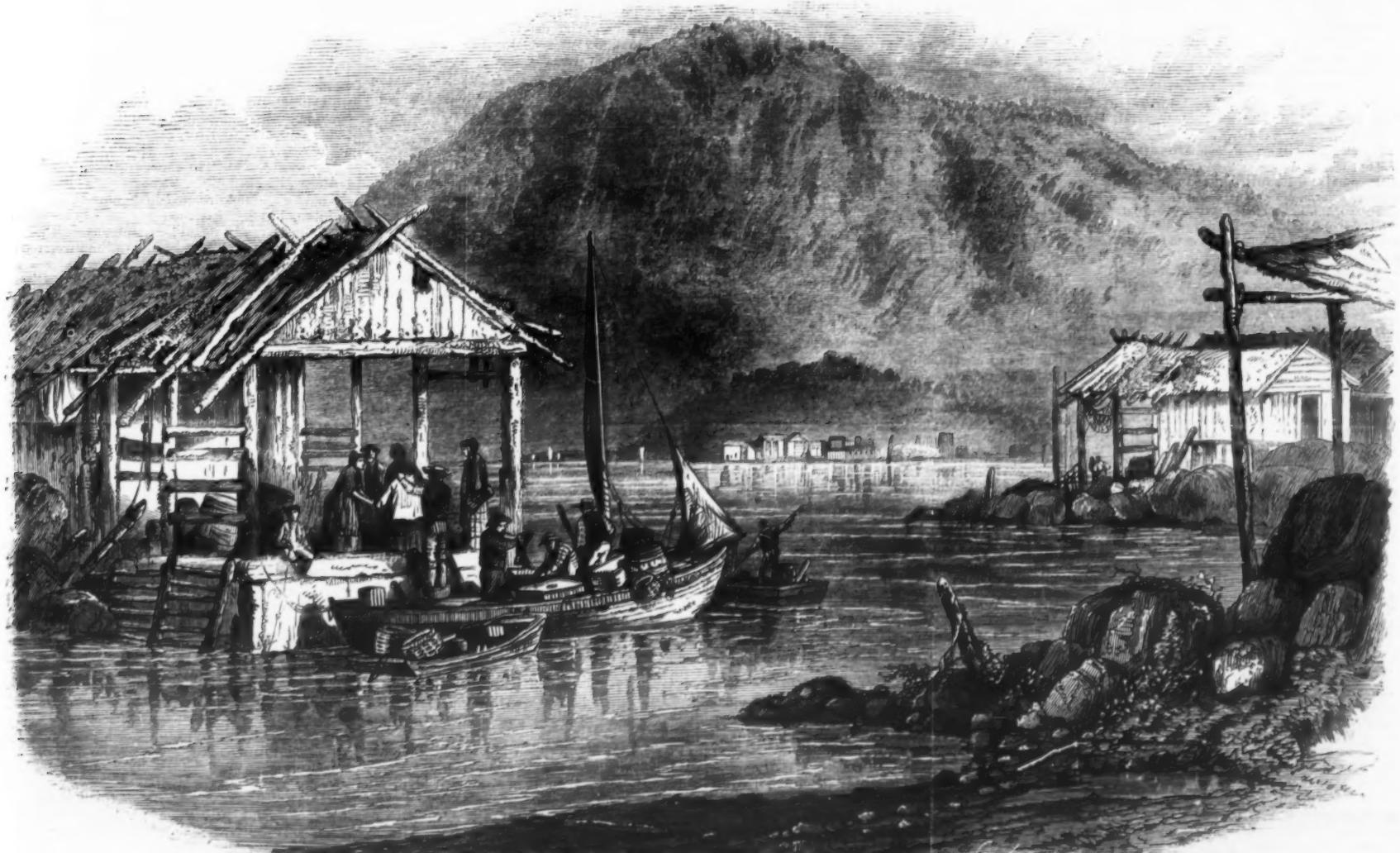
**The Forlorn Condition of Temple Bar,
London, England.**

The operation of demolishing the houses and clearing the ground between the Strand and Carey street in London, for the site of the new Courts of Law and

Equity, has left the venerable Temple Bar in a forlorn condition. It was erected in the reign of Charles II., from Sir Christopher Wren's design. The statue of the King, in the costume of a Roman warrior, with those of his royal father and grandfather, is perched aloft in the facade of this famous City Portal. Of the ten gates with which London was once furnished, viz.: Newgate, Aldgate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Bridge-

gate, Whitehallgate, Ludgate and Aldensgate, Temple Bar is the sole survivor. Six years after the Fire of London, in 1672, the present building, with its flattened elliptical arch and two piers, was completed. It is built of Portland stone, with rustic work below, and of Corinthian order. On the east side are the well-known statues, by John Bushnell, of James I. and his Queen, often described as Queen Elizabeth. The King's

arms are inscribed over the keystone. Various are the scenes which the old gate has witnessed. At one time the heads of such as were executed for high treason were fixed on it; at another time it was hung with funeral decorations in honor of the illustrious dead, or made to take part in the pageantry of a civic procession. It has been decorated to welcome the nuptial processions of royalty, and in its 196th year was gayly adorned.



A NEWFOUNDLAND GROCERY STORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 87.

possibly for the last time, in honor of the Belgian *Vol-*
unteers.

The Last of the Fleet Prison, London, England.

After an existence of nearly eight centuries, including two centuries as a prison for debtors, the old Fleet Prison, or rather its remains, has at last undergone the process of demolition. The history of the Fleet possesses much antiquarian interest. So long ago as the thirteenth century it was used for the confinement of debtors, for there still exists a petition of John Franssey, a debtor in the Fleet, dated the year 1290. It was called the Fleet from a stream of that name, upon whose eastern bank it was built. Its early history is but little known, the burning of the prison by the followers of Wat Tyler being the only noticeable event. There are so many historic associations and romantic incidents connected with this ancient but now defunct institution, that we give a brief outline of its record. In the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, the Fleet received several victims of religious bigotry; among them was Bishop Hooper, who was taken from here to the Angel Inn, St. Clement's, and next morning sent to the stake and the fire at Gloucester. The political victims of the Star Chamber were imprisoned here and often "double ironed." The prisoners were conducted by water from Whitehall, up the river Fleet, to a gate which led to what was afterward called the "Common Side." After the abolition of the Star Chamber, in 1641, the Fleet became a prison for debtors and for contempt of the Courts of Chancery, Common Pleas and Exchequer. The prison was burnt in the great fire of 1666; the prisoners were removed to Caron House until it was rebuilt. Hogarth has painted the examination of one Warden, Bambridge, and his instruments of cruelty; he escaped, but died a few years afterward by his own hand. The old method of punishing drunkards and disorderly persons in the prison was by putting them in the stocks; and prisoners attempting to escape were put in a tub at the gate of the prison by way of public shame. In the riots of 1780 the Fleet was burnt, and the prisoners liberated by the rioters. It was rebuilt in 1781-2, of brick, in a plainer style. In 1842 the Fleet was abolished by act of Parliament, and the property purchased by the Corporation of London. The ground has just been sold to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and the boundary wall is now in process of removal. Among the notabilities of the prison are the Fleet marriages and their romantic stories. Pope commemo-
rates the Fleet as "A Haunt of the Muses." Lord Surrey, Nash the satirist, and Dr. Donne were imprisoned here; so were Sir Richard Baker the chronicler, and Howel, who wrote his "Familiar Letters" here; Oastler and Rowcroft here wrote their "Fleet Papers"; and Curiel's Corinna, Mrs. Cornelys, Parson Ford, and Parson Keith were imprisoned here. Edward Worley Montague and Churchill, the poet, were married here. Such are a few of the motley celebrities of this old London prison, of which not a stone will now be left.

The London Fire Brigade at Practice on the Thames Embankment, London, England.

Our engraving represents a grand inspection of the engines and firemen belonging to the Metropolitan Fire Brigade of London, which took place on the 5th ult., upon a portion of the ground of the Thames embankment at the bottom of Norfolk street, Strand. Two floating steam fire-engines, on the river, and four land-traveling fire-engines, together with a number of the most powerful hand-engines and two fire-escapes, were tried with perfect success. There are now forty-three fire stations in the London Fire District, in an area of 110 square miles, but so distributed as to guard an area of more than 400 square miles out of the 700 square miles in the whole extent of the metropolitan district. The number of engines is ninety-five, including half a dozen steam fire-engines, the best of which can travel, on the river or canals, at a speed of fourteen miles an hour, and can throw out nearly twenty-four tons of water in a minute. The number of men employed at present is 314, mostly chosen from young and able seamen, thoroughly drilled and disciplined. The brigade is in a condition of complete organization. The insurance companies now give £10,000 a year toward its maintenance, the Treasury £10,000 more, and a metropolitan rate of a halfpenny in the pound raises an additional sum of £30,000, making £50,000 in all.

The People's Market, Whitechapel, England.

The markets of the metropolis of the United States and of some other American cities are in such a deplorable condition that, in the hope of stimulating some spirit of reform, we publish occasionally views of the markets of European cities. The People's Market, on Whitechapel Road, London, was opened a little before Christmas, for the sale, by retail, at moderate prices, of good meat, vegetables, and other necessary commodities, to the working-class population of that district. The building is of simple construction, 80 feet long by 60 feet wide, and cost £2,500. The walls are of brick, and the roof is of deal, strengthened with iron ties. The market is lighted at night by two large sunlights, which serve the purposes at once of illumination and ventilation; and on each side of the building is a row of louvre windows, which may be opened in warm weather. The fittings are all of deal; the floor is paved with colored tiles; the stalls or shops run round the building, one row upon the ground floor and the other in a gallery above; the area is devoted to the sale of butcher's meat, vegetables, fruit, milk, soup, and cooked meat; and the gallery, which is very spacious, running round the entire building, is divided into compartments for the sale of groceries and Italian stores, cheese-mongery, bread and flour, corn-chandleries, boots and shoes, and books and periodicals. Another department of the business here, which must be a great boon to the poor, is the sale of very good soup, at 2d. a quart. The soup, which can be drunk on the premises, is served from twelve to two, and from seven to nine o'clock at night; and as many as from 500 to 600 poor people daily enjoy their penny-worth of soup. Similar establishments are being erected in other parts of London.

The Market Place at Brunn, Austria.

Brunn is the capital of Moravia, in Austria, and is a charming and picturesque city. The Spielberg towers above it, once a State prison (celebrated by the writings of Silvio Pellico), but now an ordinary fortress. The inhabitants are simple, honest and industrious. To study them well they should be seen in the market, piazza, as represented in our engraving. There the traveler can see all the varieties of the costumes of the Tcheque country, which is one of the finest and richest of Central Europe.

Panoramic View of Zulia Camp, Abyssinia—Mules and Mule Drivers, and Water Carriers.

The advanced guard of the British army in Abyssinia had arrived, at last accounts, at Autalo, which stands

half way between the landing-place at Zulia, in Annesley Bay and the hill fort at Magdala, where Mr. Bassem, Mr. Cameron, Rev. Dr. Stern, Lieutenant Pridgeaux and Dr. Henry Blanc are still confined. A body of light troops, by a forced march, could push on to Magdala in a week or ten days. Our three engravings illustrating Abyssinian themes represent the camp at Zulia, a party of mules and mule-drivers, and a group of water-carriers and camp followers of the expedition.

The Spiritualists at Dodworth Hall, New York City.

LAVATER, if he had lived in our day, would have found a good field for the study of physiognomy in the faces of the regular attendants at the meetings of the Spiritualists at Dodworth Hall, in the city of New York. We suppose that other localities can boast of equally curious exhibitions of Spiritualists in convalescence, and it is remarkable that the disciples of this strange doctrine wear generally a similarity of expression—a peculiar something in their eyes, their features, and their manner, that would attract the attention of the close observer of human nature, even on the public streets or in ordinary social intercourse. But in the mystic atmosphere of a Spiritualistic gathering those peculiarities become much more intense and striking. In fact, it is not to be expected that people who hold, or imagine that they hold, communion with the beings of another world, will retain the placidity of their countenances under such exciting influences. We do not propose to analyze the theories of Spiritualism, nor to denounce their doctrines, for the wildest and most extravagant belief is sure to thrive under the invigorating effects of persecution; but instead of criticism, we give a picture of a meeting of Spiritualists, sketched recently by our artist at Dodworth Hall.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

SPRING is growing up,
Not it a pity?
She was such a little thing,
And so very pretty!
Summer is extremely grand,
We must pay her duty.
(But it is to little Spring
That she owes her beauty!)

All the buds are blown,
Trees are dark and shady,
(It was Spring who dressed them, though,
Such a little lady!)
And the birds sing loud and sweet
Their enchanting hist'ries.
(It was Spring who taught them, though,
Such a singing mistress!)

From the glowing sky
Summer shines above us;
Spring was such a little dear,
But will Summer love us?
She is very beautiful,
With her grown-up blis-
Summer we must bow before;
Spring we coax'd with kisses!

Spring is growing up,
Leaving us so lonely,
In the place of little Spring
We have Summer only!
Summer, with her lofty airs,
And her stately paces,
In the place of little Spring,
With her childlike graces!

THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAXINE REID.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—ONCE MORE IN WESTBOURNE.
Once more in the British metropolis, Mr. Swinton was seated in his room.

It was the same set of "furnished apartments," containing that cane chair with which he had struck his ill-starred wife.

She was there, too, though not seated upon the chair.

Reclined along a common horse-hair sofa, with squab and cushions hard and scuffed, she was reading one of De Kock's novels. In translation. Fan was not master of the French tongue, though skilled in many of those accomplishments for which France has obtained special notoriety.

It was after breakfast time, though the cups and saucers were still upon the table.

A common white-metal teapot, the heel of a half-quartern loaf, the head and tail of a herring, seen upon a blue willow pattern plate, told that the meal had not been Epicurean.

Swinton was smoking "bird's-eye" in a briar-root pipe. It would have been a cigar, had his exchequer allowed it.

Never in his life had this been so low. He had spent his last shilling in pursuit of the Girdwoods—in keeping their company in Paris; from which they, as he himself, had just returned to London.

As yet success had not crowned his scheme; but appeared distant as ever. The storekeeper's widow, notwithstanding her aspirations after a titled alliance, was from a country whose people are proverbially "cute." She was, at all events, showing herself prudent, as Mr. Swinton discovered in a conversation held with her on the eve of their departure from Paris.

It was on a subject of no slight importance, originating in a proposal on his part to become her son-in-law. It was introductory to an offer he intended making to the young lady herself.

But the offer was not made, Mrs. Girdwood having given reasons for its postponement.

They seemed somewhat unsubstantial, leaving him to suppose he might still hope.

The true reason was not made known to him; which was, that the American mother had become suspicious about his patent of nobility. After all, he might not be a lord. And this notwithstanding his perfect playing of the part,

which the quondam guardsman, having jostled a good deal against lords, was enabled to do.

She liked the man much—he flattered her sufficiently to deserve it—and used every endeavor to make her daughter like him. But she had determined, before things should go any further, to know something strange in his still traveling *incognito*. The reasons he assigned for it were not satisfactory. Upon this point she must get thoroughly assured.

England was the place to make the inquiry; and thither had she transported herself and her belongings—as before putting up at the aristocratic Clarendon.

To England Swinton had followed, allowing only a day to elapse.

By staying longer in Paris he would have been in pawn. He had just sufficient cash to clear himself, from the obscure hotel where he had stopped, pay for a Boulogne boat, and a "bus" from London Bridge to his lodgings in far Westbourne; where he found his Fan not a shilling richer than himself. Hence that herring for breakfast, eaten on the day after his return.

He was poor in spirits as in purse. Although Mrs. Girdwood had not stated the true reason for postponing her daughter's reception of his marriage proposal, he could conjecture it. He felt pretty sure, that the widow had come to England to make inquiries about him.

And what must they result in? Exposure! How could it be otherwise? His name was known in certain circles of London. So also his character. If she should get into these, his marriage scheme would be frustrated, at once and for ever.

And he had become sufficiently acquainted with her shrewdness, to know she would never accept him for a son-in-law without being certain about the title, which in her eyes alone rendered him eligible.

If his game was not yet up, the cards left in his hand were poor. More than ever did they require skilful playing.

What should be his next move?

It was about this his brain was busy, as he sat pulling away at his pipe.

"Any one called since I've been gone?" he asked of his wife, without turning toward her.

Had he done so, he might have observed a slight start caused by the inquiry. She answered hesitatingly:

"Oh! no—yes—yes—now I think of it. I had a visitor—one."

"Who?"

"Sir Robert Cottrell. You remember our meeting him at Brighton?"

"Of course I remember it. Not likely to forget the mean puppy. How came he to call?"

"He expected to see you."

"Indeed did he! How did he know where we were living?"

"Oh! that. I met him one day as I was passing through Kensington Gardens, near the end of the Long Walk. He asked me where we were staying. At first I didn't intend telling him. But he said he wanted particularly to see you; and so I gave him your address."

"I wasn't at home!"

"I told him that; but said I expected you every day. He came to inquire if you had come back."

"Did he? What a wonderful devil he cared about my coming back. In the Long Walk you met him? I suppose you have been showing yourself in the Row every day?"

"No I haven't, Richard. I've only been there once or twice. You can't blame me for that? I'd like to know who could stay everlasting here, in these paltry apartments, with that shrewish landlady constantly popping out and in, as if to see whether I'd carried off the contents of our trunks. Heaven knows, it's a wretched existence at best; but absolutely hideous inside these lodgings!"

Glancing around the cheaply furnished parlor, seeing the head and tail of the herring, with the other scraps of their poor repast, Swinton could not be otherwise than impressed with the truth of his wife's words.

Their tone, too, had a satisfying effect. It was no longer that of impudent contradiction, such as he had been accustomed to for twelve months after marriage. This had ceased on that day, when the leg of a chair coming in contact with his beloved's crown, had left a slight cicatrice upon her left temple—like a stain in statuary marble. From that hour the partner of his bosom had shown herself a changed woman—at least toward himself. Notwithstanding the many quarrels, and recriminative bickerings, that had preceded it, it was the first time he had resorted to personal violence. And it had produced its effect. Coward as she knew him to be, he had proved himself brave enough to bully her. She had feared him ever since. Hence her trepidation as she made answer to his inquiry as to whether any one had called.

There was a time when Frances Wilder would not have trembled at such a question, nor stammered in her reply.

She started again, and again showed signs of confusion, as the shuffling of feet on the flags outside was followed by a knock at the door!

It was a double one; not the violent repeat of the postman, but the rat-tat-tat given either by a gentleman or lady—from its gentleness more like the latter.

"Who can it be?" asked Swinton, taking the pipe from between his teeth. "Nobody for us, I hope."

In London, Mr. Swinton did not long for unexpected visitors. He had too many "kites" abroad, to relish the ring of the door-bell, or the more startling summons of the knocker.

"Can't be for us?" said his wife, in a tone of mock confidence. "There's no one likely to be calling; unless some of your old friends have seen you as you came home. Did you meet any one on the way?"

"No, nobody saw me," gruffly returned the husband.

"There's a family up-stairs—in the drawing-rooms. I suppose it's for them, or the people of the house."

The supposition was contradicted by a dialogue heard outside, in the hall. It was as follows:

"Mrs. Swinton at home?"

The inquiry was in a man's voice, who appeared to have passed in from the steps.

"Yes, sir!" was the reply of the Irish janitress who had answered the knock.

"Give me my card; and ask the lady if I can see her."

"By G-d! that's Cottrell!" muttered the ex-guardsman, recognizing the voice.

"Sir Robert Cottrell" was upon the card brought in by the maid-of-all-work.

"Show him in!" whispered Swinton to the servant, without waiting to ask permission from Fan; who, expressing surprise at the unexpected visit, sprang to her feet, and glided back into the bedroom.

There was a strangeness in the fashion of his wife's retreat, which the husband could scarce help perceiving. He took no notice of it, however, his mind at the moment busied with a useful idea that had suddenly suggested itself.

Little as he liked Sir Robert Cottrell, or much as he may have had imaginings about the object of his visit, Swinton at that moment felt inclined to receive him. The odor of the salt herring was in his nostrils; and he was in a mood to prefer the perfume that exhales from the cambric handkerchief of a debonaire baronet—such as he knew Sir Robert to be.

It was with no thought of calling his quondam Brighton acquaintance to account that he directed the servant to show him in.

And in he was shown.

CHAPTER XL.—A CAUTIOUS BARONET.

The baronet looked a little blank, as the open parlor door discovered inside a "party" he had no intention of calling upon.

Accustomed to such surprises, however, he was not disconcerted. He had some knowledge of the ex-guardsman's character. He knew he was in ill luck; and that under such circumstances he would not be exactly inquisitive.

"Aw, Swinton, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, holding out his kid-gloved hand. "Delighted to see you again. Madame told me she expected you home. I just dropped in, hoping to find you returned. Been to Paris, I hear."

"I have," said Swinton, taking the hand with a show of cordiality.

"Terrible times over there. Wonder you came off with a whole skin!"

"By Jove, it's about all I brought off with me."

"Aw, indeed! What mean you by that?"

"Well; I went over to get some money that's been long owing me. Instead of getting it, I lost what little I carried across."

"How did you do that, my dear fellow?"

ferent. Meanwhile, take this. It may pass you over your present difficulty, till something turns up."

"Sir Robert, I—"

"No apology, Swinton! It is I who owe it, for the shabby sum."

The ex-guardsman ceased to resist; and the five-pound note, pressed into his palm, was permitted to remain there.

"By-the-by, Swinton," said the baronet, as if to terminate the awkward scene by obliging the borrower in a more business-like way, "why don't you try to get something from the Government? Excuse a fellow for taking the liberty; but it seems, to me, a man of your accomplishments ought to stand a chance."

"Not the slightest, Sir Robert! I have no interest; and if I had, there's that ugly affair that got me out of the Guards. You know the story; and therefore I needn't tell it you. That would be sure to come up, if I made any application."

"All stuff, my dear fellow! Don't let that stand in your way. It might, if you wanted to get into the Household, or be made a bishop of. You don't aspire to either, I presume?"

The ex-guardsman gave a lugubrious laugh.

"No!" he said. "I'd be contented with something less. Just now my ambition don't soar extravagantly high."

"Suppose you try at the Foreign Office? In these troublous times there's no end of employment. And of men whose past peccadilloes don't need to be called to remembrance. Yours won't stand in the way. I know the Minister. He's not at all exacting."

"You know him, Sir Robert?"

"Intimately. And if I'm not mistaken, he's just now in need of men like you; that is, men who possess certain accomplishments. The diplomatic service has grown wonderfully, since the breaking out of these revolutions. More especially the secret branch of it. I've reason to know that enormous sums are now spent in it. Then why shouldn't you try to get a pull out of the secret service chest?"

Swinton rotted his pipe, and sate cogitating.

"A pipe don't become a guardsman," jokingly remarked his guest. "The favorites of the Foreign Office smoke only regalias."

Swinton received this sally with a smile, that showed the dawning of a new hope.

"Take one?" continued the baronet, presenting his gold-clasped case.

Swinton pitched the briarroot aside, and set fire to the cigar.

"You are right, Sir Robert," he said; "I ought to try for something. It's very good of you to give me the advice. But how am I to follow it? I know nothing of the Foreign Minister; nor do any of my friends."

"Then you don't count me as one of them?"

"Dear Cottrell! Don't talk that way! After what's passed between us, I should be an ungrateful fellow, if I didn't esteem you as the first of them—perhaps the only friend I have left me."

"Well, I've spoken plainly. Haven't I said that I know the Minister; well enough to give you a letter of introduction to him? I won't say it will serve any purpose; you must take your chances of that. I can only promise, that he will receive you; and if you're not too particular as to the nature of the employment, I think you may get something. You understand me, Swinton?"

"I particular! Not likely, Sir Robert, living in this mean room, with the remembrance of that luxurios breakfast I've just eaten—myself and my poor wife!"

"Aw—by the way, I owe madame an apology, for having so long neglected to ask after her. I hope she is well?"

"Thank you! Well as the dear child can be expected, with such trouble upon us."

"Shall I not have the pleasure of seeing her?"

The visitor asked the question without any pretence of indifference. He felt it—just then, not desiring to encounter her in such company.

"I shall see, Sir Robert," replied the husband rising from his chair, and going toward the bedroom. "I rather suspect Fan's *en deshabille* at this hour."

Sir Robert secretly hoped that she was. Under the circumstances, an interview with her could only be awkward.

His wish was realized. She was not only *en deshabille*, but in bed—with a sick headache! She begged that the baronet would excuse her from making appearance!

This was the report brought back from the bedroom by her go-between of a husband. It remained only for the visitor to make good his promise about the letter of introduction.

He drew up to the table, and wrote it out, *currente calamo*.

He did not follow the usual fashion: by leaving the envelope open. There was a clause or two in the letter he did not desire the ex-guardsman to become acquainted with. It concluded with the words: "Mr. Swinton is a gentleman who would suit for any service your lordship may be pleased to employ him upon. He is a disappointed man."

Wetting the gum with the tip of his aristocratic tongue, he closed the envelope; and handed the epistle to his host.

"Don't go to Downing street," said he. "There are too many fellows hanging about there, who had better not know what you're after. Take it to the Minister's private residence, in Piccadilly. In a case like yours, I know he'd prefer receiving you there. You had better go at once. There's so many chances of your being forestalled—a host of applicants hungering for something of the same. His lordship is likely to be at home about three in the afternoon. I'll call here soon after, to learn how you've prospered. Bye, my dear fellow! goodbye!"

Recovering his slender aristocratic fingers, the baronet withdrew—leaving the ex-guardsman in possession of an epistle, that might have much influence on his future fate.

CHAPTER XII.—A SCENE IN PICCADILLY.

In Piccadilly, fronting upon the Green Park, are some of the most splendid residences in London. They are mansions, mostly inhabited by England's aristocracy; many of them by the proudest of its nobility. And Apsley House—the gift of the nation, to him who helped to rob it of almost the last remnant of its liberty—is at the head of them; with an equestrian statue of the great robber himself standing conspicuously in front—hideous as sculptor could make it.

The head and hand of the artist may have been guided by thoughts of the foul work achieved, by the head and hand of the man he was commanded to make model of.

Not less a spoil of the people are several others of these same Piccadilly palaces. Notably one belonging to a peer of the realm, and member of the Cabinet, throughout his long career, in one office or another. A man who entered the diplomatic service, with barely fortune enough to keep him dandily-dressed—his then greatest aspiration—but who left it, and life at the same time, the owner of broad acres and baronial residences in the country, with a mansion in town, less noted, though almost as grand as that of the great Duke himself!

And this out of a salary that would not have paid for a week's expenses of his living—certainly not more than a week of those grand crushes, routs, and receptions given by him in the Season.

And yet the poor English people wonder why they are forced to migrate to America—to sever themselves from a home, loved as native land can be by any people—rudely to disrupt the fondest ties of affection—to endure the transit of a stormy ocean—the disgust of sea-sickness, and the immorality of a ship's steerage with all its horrors—but one remove milder than the middle passage of the manacled captive from the Cameroons!

And after all this, to strive and toil under a sky, and in a climate, that for one-half the year is simply abominable!

But the struggle is crowned by liberty. Under its benign influence the toil is sweet, and the climate seems tempered to mildness. The burning heats of the Torrid zone and the icy chill of the Frigid, are less bitter to bear than the sting of despotism.

Hitherto the Irish have been the chief victims of this unwilling exodus: for chiefly upon the ruin of their country have the proud palaces of Piccadilly been raised.

But the time for an English emigration has come; and he, who wishes well to this brave people, will joy to know, it is every day becoming more active. Every soul—Saxon or Celt—landed on the American side of the Atlantic is a gain, not only to America, but Humanity.

The palaces of England, built by the unpaid labor of the English people, are driving them off.

In making these statements I anticipate the remark with which they will be met. I shall be told of the governmental robbery and robbery in America—of its wholesale grandeur and extent.

I know all this; but I know also, that the Aegean stables of New York, in which the "Citizens' Association" is busy with brush and broom, is a clean parlor, compared with the purloins of Downing street, Somerset House, Whitehall, and the Horse-Guards.

On that same day on which Sir Robert Cottrell had paid his unintentional visit to Mr. Richard Swinton, at the calling hour of the afternoon, an open park phaeton drawn by a pair of stylish ponies, with "flowing manes and tails," might have been seen driving along Piccadilly, and drawing up in front of one of its splendid mansions, well known to be that of a distinguished nobleman—a member of the British Cabinet.

The ribbons were held by a gentleman who appeared capable of manipulating them; by his side a lady equally suitable to the equipage; while an appropriate boy in top-boots and buttons occupied the back seat.

Though the gentleman was young and handsome, the lady young and beautiful, and the groom carefully got up, an eye, skilled in livery decoration, could have told the turnout to be one hired for the occasion.

It was hired, and by Richard Swinton; for it was he who wielded the whip; and his wife who gave grace to the equipage.

The ponies were guided with such skill, that when checked up in front of the Minister's residence, the phaeton stood right under the drawing-room windows.

In this there was a design.

The groom, skipping like a grasshopper from his perch, glided up the steps, rang the bell, and made the usual inquiry.

His lordship was "at home."

"You take the reins, Fan," said Swinton, stepping out of the phaeton. "Keep a tight hold on them, and don't let the ponies move from the spot they're in—not so much as an inch!"

Without comprehending the object of this exact order, Fan promised to obey it.

The remembrance of more than one scene, in which she had succumbed to her husband's violence, secured compliance with his request.

Having made it, the ex-guardsman ascended the steps; presented his card; and was shown into the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE POWER OF A PRETTY FACE.

It was the front room of a suite into which Mr. Swinton had been conducted—a large apartment furnished in splendid style.

For a time he was left alone, the footman, who officiated, having gone off with his card.

Around him were costly decorations—objects of *virtu* and *luze*—duplicated in plate-glass mirrors over the mantel, and along the sides of the room, extending from floor to ceiling.

But Mr. Swinton looked not at the luxurious chattels, nor into the mirrors that reflected them.

On the moment of his being left to himself, he glided toward one of the windows; and directed his glance into the street.

"It will do," he muttered to himself, with a satisfied air. "Just in the right spot, and Fan isn't she the thing for it? By Jove! she shows well. Never saw her look better in her life. If his lordship be the sort he's got the name of being, I ought to get an appointment out of him. Sweet Fan! I've made five pounds out of you this morning. You're worth your weight in gold, or its equivalent. Hold up your head, my chick! and show that pretty face of yours to the window! You're about to be examined, and as I've heard, by a connoisseur. Hal hal hal!"

The apostrophe was soliloquized, Fan was too far off to hear him.

The chuckling laugh that followed was interrupted by the re-entrance of the footman, who announced in ceremonial strain:

"His lordship will see you in the library."

The announcement produced on his lordship's visitor the effect of a cold-water douche. His gayety forsook him, with the suddenness of a "shot."

Nor did it return, when he discovered the library to be a somewhat sombre apartment, its walls decked with books, and the windows looking into a court-yard at the back. He had anticipated an interview in the drawing-room that commanded a view of the street.

It was a disappointment to be regretted, and combined with the quiet gloom of the chamber into which he had ushered, argued ill for the success of his application.

"Your business, sir?" demanded the august personage into whose presence he had penetrated.

The demand was not made in a tone of either rudeness or austerity. Lord P. was noted for a suavity of manners, that, in the eyes of the uninited, gave him a character for benevolence.

In answer to it, the ex-guardsman presented his letter of introduction. He could do no more; and stood awaiting the result.

But he reflected, how different this might be, if the interview had been taking place in the drawing-room, instead of that dismal repository of books!

"I am sorry, Mr. Swinton," said the Minister, after reading Sir Robert's letter; "sorry indeed, that I can do nothing to serve you. I haven't a post that isn't filled. I have a score of applicants coming to me every day, whom I'm obliged to deny. I should have been most happy to serve any friend of Sir Robert Cottrell, had it been in my power. I assure you, it isn't."

The applicant for office was disconcerted—the more so that he had spent thirty shillings, in chartering the pony phaeton with its attendant groom. It was part of the five pounds borrowed from the obliging baronet. It would be so much cash thrown away—the sprat lost without catching the salmon!

He stood without knowing what to say. The interview seemed at an end—the Minister appearing wearied of his presence, and wishing him to be gone.

At this crisis an accident came to his aid.

A squadron of "Coldstreams" was passing along Piccadilly. Their bugle sounding the "double quick" was heard in the interior of the dwelling. His lordship, to ascertain the cause of the military movement, sprang up from the huge leather chair, in which he had been seated, and passed suddenly into the drawing-room, leaving Mr. Swinton outside in the hall.

Through the window the Minister saw the dragoons filing past. But his glance dwelt not long upon them. Underneath, and close in to the curbstone, was an object, to the eyes of the gay viscount more attractive than the bright uniforms of the Guards. It was a young and beautiful lady, seated in an open phaeton, and holding the reins—as if waiting for some one who had gone into a house.

It was in front of his own house; and the party absent from the phaeton must be inside. It should be Mr. Swinton, the very good-looking fellow, who was soliciting him for an appointment!

In a trice the applicant, already half dismissed, was recalled into the Minister's presence—this time into the drawing-room.

"By-the-way, Mr. Swinton," said he, "you may as well leave me your address. I'm anxious to oblige my friend Sir Robert; and although I can speak of nothing now, who knows—Ha! that lady in the carriage below. Is she of your belonging?"

"My wife, your Excellency."

"What a pity to have kept her waiting outside! You should have brought her in with you."

"My lord, I could not take the liberty of intruding."

"Oh, nonsense! my dear sir! A lady can never intrude. Well, leave your address; and if anything should turn up, be sure I shall remember you. I am most anxious to serve Cottrell."

Swinton left the address; and with an obsequious salute, parted from the dispenser of situations.

As he drove back along the pavement of Piccadilly, he reflected to himself, that the pony equipage had not been chartered in vain.

He now knew the character of the man, to whom he had addressed his solicitation.

The Ku Klux Klan at Work.—The Assassination of the Hon. G. W. Ashburn, in Columbus, Georgia, on the 31st of Last Month.

No PROVERB is founded upon a closer analysis of human nature than that which says that "Satan is painted blacker than he is." It may be that the organization known as the Ku Klux Klan is responsible for the murder of the Hon. G. W. Ashburn; it may be that that mysterious society is entirely innocent of any connection with that deed of blood. It has been emphatically asserted in the public journals by those who have or pretend to have, opportunities of information, that the murder was perpetrated by members of the K.K.K., and, if it be so, we join with all law-abiding members

of the national household in demanding the prompt annihilation of an organization so repugnant to humanity and to the principles of our form of government.

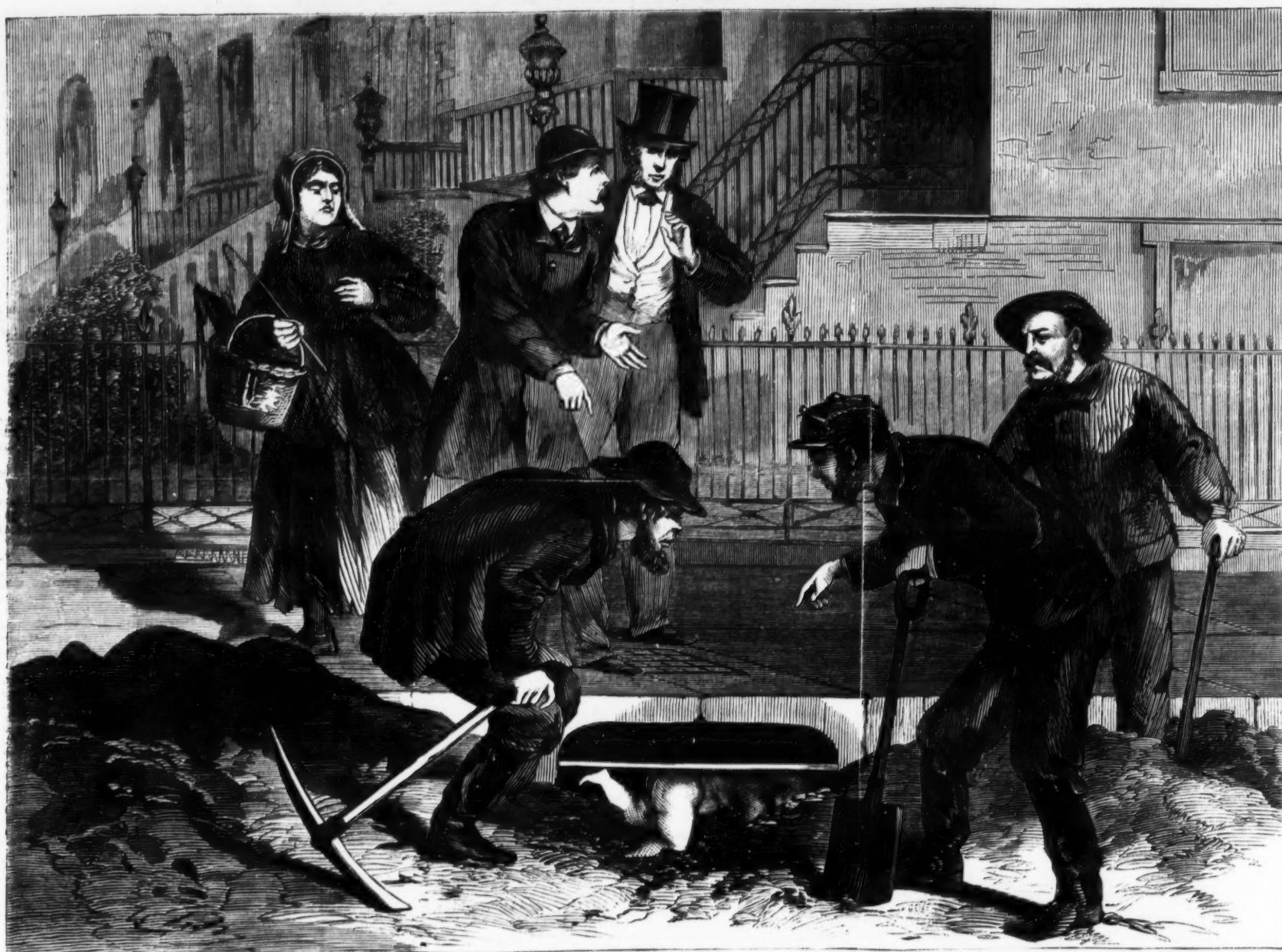
Shortly after midnight on the 31st of last month, some thirty or forty men surrounded the house, in Columbus, Georgia, where Mr. Ashburn lodged, broke open the rear and front doors, and, while the main body kept watch without, five of the party, masked and armed, proceeded to the room of the victim. They found him alone, pistol in hand; he confronted his assailants, but seeing at once the impossibility of escape, he forebore to fire, and was mercilessly shot down, receiving three fatal wounds, one in the head between the eyes, one just below and to the rear of the hip, and another in the mouth.

This deed was perpetrated in one of the principal streets in one of the most public parts of the city. A mystery envelopes the affair which, it is to be hoped, will not remain a mystery. The assassins were well dressed, and seemed to belong to the better class of society, and it would be strange indeed, and a sad comment on our judicial system, if the machinery of justice should fail to bring the offenders to punishment.

Colonel Ashburn was one of the few men in Georgia who openly resisted the movement of Secession. He avowed his loyalty to the Federal Union and fought to maintain it. At the close of the war he returned to his home in Georgia, and labored earnestly in the cause of reconstruction. By some it is said that his death was accomplished by some of his personal enemies of his own political creed. Whatever may be the facts, it is very important, at this crisis, that they should be ascertained.

It is now nearly two months since the first notice of the existence of the Ku Klux Klan appeared in the papers of Tennessee. Litterly their cabalistic letters and signs have been seen in several cities of the South. In Columbus, Georgia, shortly before the murder of Colonel Ashburn, these mysterious intimations were marked on the doors and walls throughout the city; placards were posted up at the doors of Union men, containing their mystic letters and signs, with skulls, coffins, skeletons, cross-bones, deadly weapons, and written sentences breathing out most terrible threatenings against them. They were warned that their time was short, that their days were numbered, that they must prepare for sudden and awful death. They were reminded that the time had come when the blood of the Confederate dead would be required at their hands

INFANTICIDE IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.



THE DEAD BODY OF AN INFANT EXHUMED FROM THE MUD AND SNOW, AT THE CORNER OF NINTH STREET AND SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, BY THE STREET CLEANERS, ON THE 16TH FEB.

tion of the extent of child-murder in this city, suggesting, at the same time, the reflection that many similar cases occur that never come to the knowledge of the public. During the year 1867, out of 7,499 cases of death from all causes, 340 children under one year of age were reported by the coroners as having perished from undue exposure, a lack of proper nourishment, and the cruel treatment of inhuman parents. Also, during the period of eighteen months previous to January 1st, 1867, and out of 2,652 cases which came before the coroners, there were 223 little ones under one week of age proved to have been born alive and came to their deaths through some unnatural means; while 413 were believed to have been born dead.

From these recorded facts we can obtain but a meagre estimate of the destruction of infants, because there



SECRET REMOVAL OF A BABY'S BODY FROM A NURSING ESTABLISHMENT.

are comparatively few of such cases reported to the authorities. The manner in which illegitimate children and others are disposed of is painfully varied, and come before our eyes in one phase or another every few weeks. Now the method is that of casting the innocent babes far out in our rivers, and the act is performed with as little compunction as if the precious package was but a collection of old rags or a bag of young kittens. Again, the little waifs are found deposited in dark alleys, deep areas, or the effrontery of guilty parents going further, upon the stoops of our fashionable dwellings. In the old cemetery bounded by Eleventh and Twelfth streets, and First avenue and Avenue A, it is not an uncommon occurrence that schoolboys, while playing among the grave-stones, come suddenly upon the body of an infant which has been thrown over the high fence during the stillness of the



AN INFANT'S CORPSE HAVING BEEN THROWN OVER THE FENCE INTO A GRAVEYARD, IS DISCOVERED BY A POLICEMAN.



THE DEAD BODY TAKEN FROM THE MOTHER TO BE SECRETLY DISPOSED OF.

night. A few months ago our readers will remember there was an intense excitement occasioned by the discovery that, at a certain private lying-in establishment, several infants had died in manner that would lead one to believe they had not received sufficient attention. In the course of a few weeks nine of these castaways died and were buried in the Potter's Field, and only two of the number were certified as having died at that place. In many instances the children were brought to the house by conniving old women, who either wrapped them in their aprons or packed them in baskets immediately after their birth. These were received at this human slaughter-house, in consideration of the sum of \$30 and sufficient clothing, the lady (?) in charge agreeing to keep them until they got homes or died, when they would be decently buried. As soon as



THROWING THE BODY INTO THE RIVER.

death, the natural result of starvation and cruel treatment, ensued, the washerwoman of the institution was employed to wrap a few rags about the body, take it under her arm and shawl, and get a permit to have a child that had died at a certain number in a certain street, interred in the public cemetery. The certificate of death, signed by a medical gentleman, usually located the place of death several blocks from where it actually occurred.

How long this custom had been in practice we cannot say. It was only through the blundering of the messenger on one occasion that the matter was brought fully to the notice of the Board of Health.

This subject is certainly one in which every right-minded person will take an interest, and it is to be earnestly hoped that some legislation may be speedily obtained which will put an end to the horrible practice.



THE ASSASSINATION OF HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, AT OTTAWA, ON THE 7TH INST.—THE BOY TROTTER DISCOVERING THE VICTIM'S BODY.

The Assassination of Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, at Ottawa, Ontario, on the 7th Inst.—The Boy Trotter Discovering the Victim's Body.

The New Dominion of Canada, at the threshold of its existence, stands appalled in the presence of the spirit of political assassination. The murder of the Hon. D'Arcy McGee, at Ottawa, Ontario, on the 7th inst., has occasioned the utmost excitement, and the popular heart, especially in Canada, swells with indignation at this fearful deed of blood. Mr. McGee was returning at half-past two o'clock on the morning of the 7th inst. from the Parliament House, and was about opening the door of his residence in Sparks street, quietly smoking his cigar, and unconscious of danger, when the bullet of the unknown assassin pierced his brain.

A son of Mrs. Trotter, the landlady, who is one of the Parliament pages, was also returning home, and was some distance from the house when he heard the shot. He hurried to the spot, and, at his mother's

He established a newspaper called the *Nation* in the city of New York, and subsequently established a semi-religious journal, called the *American Celt*. Neither of these ventures prospered, and Mr. McGee moved to Canada, and renewed his allegiance to the British Government. His political career in Canada was fortunate, and since 1857 he represented Montreal in the Canadian Parliament.

From 1864 to 1867 he was President of the Executive Council, and chief Commissioner to the Dublin Exhibition in 1864, and to the Paris Exhibition in 1865. He was also a delegate to the several conferences which were held to promote the union of the colonies.

Apart from his numerous speeches and lectures, he was the author of several works. His "Gallery of Irish Writers," was published in Dublin in 1846; "Irish Letters," published in New York, 1852; "Canadian Ballads," published in Montreal, 1858; "Popular History of Ireland," in New York, 1862, regarded as the best history of Ireland yet published; "Speeches and Addresses on the British American Union," London, 1865; "Irish Settlers in America;" "O'Connell and his Friends;" besides ballads on Ireland and other poetical effusions of considerable merit.



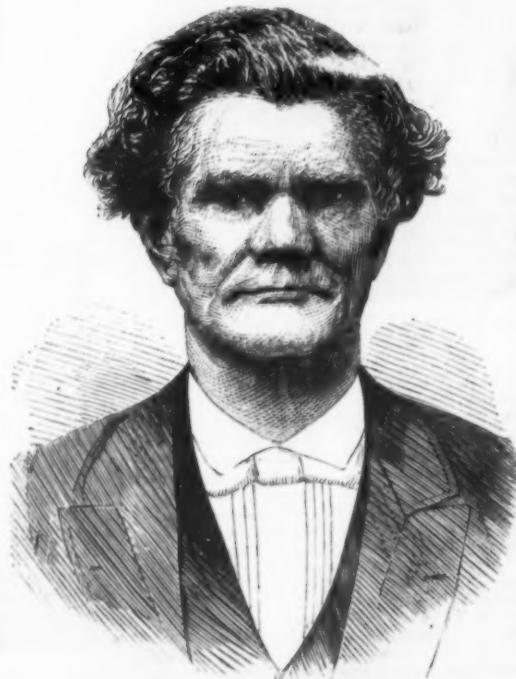
THE LATE THOMAS HANLON, ACROBAT.—SEE PAGE 90.



THE LATE HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

door, he found Mr. McGee dead on the pavement. But no traces of the murderer were visible, although the night was clear; the fatal shot, it was supposed, must have been fired from behind the fence of the vacant lot opposite, although the force with which the ball was driven through the brain into the door-post seemed to indicate that the weapon had been fired close to the victim's head.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born in Carlingford, Ireland, in the year 1825. At an early age he displayed powers of oratory that attracted attention, although he had received only a common school education. In 1842 he emigrated to America, and became connected with the press of Boston. In 1845 he returned to Ireland, and both as a journalist and as an orator, took a prominent part in the political movement then organized under the leadership of the late Mr. Smith O'Brien. Having been identified with an enterprise of armed opposition to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1848, in which Smith O'Brien, Colonel Doheny, General Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, and others participated, he was marked for arrest by the British authorities, but succeeded in eluding their vigilance, and escaped to America.



THE LATE HON. G. W. ASKEBURN.—SEE PAGE 87.

His renunciation of the cause of Irish independence and his opposition to Fenianism made many enemies for Mr. McGee, and it is supposed that his assassination was prompted by political antagonism. It is doubtful whether to accept this supposition; and, before attaching a partisan significance to this foul murder, it would be well to await the results of a judicial investigation.

Our engraving represents Mrs. Trotter and her son finding the body of the murdered man.

Terrible Death of Thomas Hanlon, the Celebrated Acrobat.

We presume many of our readers witnessed the wonderful performances of the Hanlon Brothers during their recent engagement in New York city, and from the singular agility manifested by these gymnasts, became interested in their professional success. The oldest of the brothers, Thomas, died in Harrisburg, Penn., on the morning of the 5th inst., at half past three o'clock. It appears that on the 14th of August, 1865, while performing his original feat "L'Échelle," at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, he sprang for a vertical rope held by two of his brothers, for the purpose of lowering himself to the stage, but missed it, and fell heavily on the stage. He was picked up in an insensible condition and bleeding profusely, but in the course of a few hours had so recovered from the shock as to express a wish to continue the engagement at that place. It is supposed that in consequence of that fall his reasoning faculties became impaired, and brought on the delirium which terminated in his death. On the 30th of March he appeared with the combination at Indianapolis, Ind., and performed his part of the programme in his usually buoyant manner. The following day he informed his brothers that he was going to New York, and disappeared. On the 21st inst., he came to Harrisburg, Penn., in company with three boys whom the brothers were training for public performances, and took rooms at the State Capital Hotel. His conduct here was so singular that the attention of the landlord was attracted to him, and he began to fear something serious was working upon his guest. A few hours after, he left the hotel for the purpose of taking passage to New York, but was soon found wandering about the city in an insane condition, and was arrested and taken to the station-house. He had scarcely been locked up when he attempted to hang himself from an iron bar over his cell door, but was discovered in time, and removed to another cell. At dinner time he made a second attempt to destroy himself by hacking at his throat with a piece of his dinner-plate which he had smashed for the purpose, but for some reason he desisted before he had fatally injured himself. The officers of the prison were attracted to his cell by the noise, and found him in his shirt sleeves. It is said that from ten to fifteen times he started from the door of his cell, sprang high into the air, turned a half-somersault, and came down with the greatest force, striking his head up on a sharp nut which projected a few inches above the floor. It was only through the strenuous efforts of six strong men that the maniac was finally overpowered, when he presented one of the most ghastly spectacles possible. The whole of his scalp had been cut loose, and hung in strips over his face, while the blood was streaming over his entire person and the floor of his cell. Chloroform was administered to him and his wounds were dressed. He awoke in a few moments, appearing perfectly rational, and requested some food, but soon relapsed into unconsciousness, remaining so up to the hour of his death.

Story of a Hunting Knife.

BY COUNT PONSON DU TIRAIL.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

I DID not answer Landry's letter. It seemed to me for fifteen days that I loved the viscount; I hoped for the while that I would completely forget, time aiding me, the man that I had loved so fondly.

I was so affectionate and so cheerful toward Monsieur de Mailly, that he had grown to believe that I loved him. Then, as he was a man of high-toned honor, and knew how to compel his duty to outstrip his jealousy, he said to me one evening:

"You can now write to Monsieur de Rey and beg him to forget you."

I obeyed. I wrote and handed him the letter, but he refused to read it, and sealed it himself. Landry did not reply. Six months passed and we received no intelligence of him. I had almost dismissed him from my thoughts, and I entertained for Monsieur de Mailly a sincere and warm friendship, that to him had all the appearance of love. Still he was sad, anxious and suspicious. It could be seen that he still feared the memory of Landry. He said to me one night:

"The Marquis de Rey has returned; he has no doubt found consolation, for he has installed himself with festivities at the Chateau de Rey. He has brought with him huntsmen and hounds, he keeps open house and leads a merry life."

"Ah!" I exclaimed with indifference.

"It is probable that we shall be compelled to meet him next week at a hunt to be given by Count de P——. Are you so sure of yourself that I may accept this invitation?"

"Certainly," I replied. "I will shake hands with Landry without the slightest emotion."

Monsieur de Mailly wrote to the count that we would attend his hunting party, and would be present at the rendezvous.

The count was our neighbor; the rendezvous was two leagues from Mailly, in the forest. On the day appointed, we were among the first to arrive, but the Marquis de Rey sent his huntsman to announce that an engagement would prevent his presence in time to join the start, but that he would manage to be in at the death. I had prepared myself for the interview; I had summoned my strength and courage; still I was glad to learn that perhaps he would not come, and that the interview would at least be delayed.

It was a wild boar that they had harbored. The game having been driven from its lair, all the company followed in pursuit, galloping in different directions, and for a part of the time Monsieur de Mailly and I rode alone together side by side. Nowhere was Landry to be seen. The boar was strong and cunning; he held his own for several hours, and made us gallop over a good deal of ground. Nowhere did we meet with Landry.

At last the game was driven into a narrow gorge, and turned savagely at bay. At that moment we heard the death-note vigorously wound, and the sound of the horn that reached us made me start. I seemed to recognize the peculiar intonation of Landry. My husband did not take notice of my agitation.

"Come," said he, "let us be in at the death."

We galloped to a little eminence that overlooked the hill, and there I was the witness of a terrible spectacle.

Landry on foot, and his hunting-knife in hand, was advancing straight to the wild boar, that was battling with the dogs; the company of hunters had gathered around with apprehensions of some tragic result from this temerity.

I felt my blood grow chill and rush to my heart. When the man and beast came together, I cried out aloud, and when I beheld them roll over on the ground struggling together, I fell fainting from my horse upon the greensward.

Monsieur de Mailly had not ceased to watch me. He took me, still shuddering, in his arms, placed me before him on the saddle, spurred his steed and bore me away, muttering:

"I am a lost man; she loves him still!"

When I recovered my senses, I was at Mailly, upon my bed, and the viscount sat beside my pillow.

"Madame," said he, coldly, "you still love Monsieur de Rey: it is a misfortune that nor you, nor I, even God can avert. I am a Christian, and can not kill myself; but, if you say the word, I will go at once and meet the death that a soldier can always find when he seeks it."

"Remain," I answered. "I yielded to a moment's weakness, but I feel that I have strength enough to love you for ever."

He believed me, or feigned to do so. Peace was re-established between us, and again I hoped to forget.

Several days elapsed. However, the viscount became more and more gloomy; he could not hear without a frown the name of the marquis. Often even he so far forgot himself as to say:

"Would you swear to me that you have not seen Monsieur de Rey again?"

One day he received tidings of the death of a relative who resided at Poitou. His presence was necessary at the domain of the deceased, whose property he inherited. He hesitated to depart; he proposed to take me with him. The language he used was harsh and suspicious, and wounded my pride.

"No, sir," I said; "you have confided to me your name and honor; both shall be safe; but you must have faith in me. Go; I will await you in the most complete isolation; you will find me on your return as pure as on the day of your departure."

"You are right," he said, "and I am wrong to be jealous, for you are an honest woman."

The viscount departed—I was afraid!

Landry was a few miles distant; I knew that he still loved me, he might hear of the viscount's absence, and take advantage of it to attempt to see me. My husband proposed to be absent a fortnight; fourteen days had elapsed and Landry did not come. I began to feel my confidence restored, and thanked God for having saved me from all temptation, and on the night of the fifteenth day I retired to a little boudoir built on a wing of the chateau that overhung the river.

Suddenly I heard the sound of a horn, that at times mingled with the baying of excited hounds. A boar passed within a hundred feet of the chateau and plunged into the river. Those sounds troubled me, my heart began to beat, I had a presentiment of misfortune. . . .

Alas! I was not mistaken. . . . Barely had a minute passed when a shadow fell upon the panes of the casement that looked upon the river, and I uttered a cry on seeing Landry enter. He had climbed the wall by striking his hunting-knife into the crevices and using it as a ladder.

The way that he had taken was perilous in the extreme, and the least false step upon the narrow path that ran between the river and the wall would have precipitated him into the whirlpool, which the strongest swimmers of the province could not stem.

I cannot express the emotion that possessed me at the sight of Landry, my terror on seeing him so pale, with wild and feverish glance. I had risen precipitately at his approach and sought to leave the room; but my knees trembled and refused to support me, my frozen tongue could not articulate a word. I remained standing, motionless, paralyzed, and when Landry came to me and took my hands I thought to die.

"Rose," said he, "fear nothing from my rashness, and pardon it for the sake of my suffering. Since my return, seeing the abyss between us, I have vainly struggled against the thought of suicide, against the thought of vengeance that oppressed me. After abandoning my purpose of killing the man that possesses you, I thought that I should have strength to live. I deceived myself, and I feel that it is better to die at once than to linger miserably from day to day. So I come to bid you farewell, Rose, to entreat you to take me by the hand once more and then forget me. I believe Monsieur de Mailly to be an honorable gentleman, I know that he loves you, I invoke for you those happy days that, alas! are not for me. Farewell! Rose, farewell!"

He turned to leave me.

"Oh! Heaven!" I cried, "where would you go?"

"To death!" he answered.

"No, no," I murmured; "I forbid it!"

"Yet it must be! Farewell!"

"Landry!" I cried, "if you still love me—"

I said no more—there was a noise in the antechamber, I recognized the nervous tread of the Viscount de Mailly and I uttered a suffocated cry.

Landry sprang to the window, dropped till he hung clinging to the sill, and thrusting his knife into the crevices between the entablature and the wall, used it as a rest while he searched in the

darkness for the hole that, while ascending, had served to give him a foothold.

At the same moment the door opened, the Viscount de Mailly appeared, perceived the hunting-knife and the hand that clasped the hilt, sprang to the window, laid hold of both hand and knife, and pulled them toward him.

"Oh! you would never dream of the cruel, nameless deed of which that man was then guilty. He tore the grasp from the knife, pressed the hand against the stone-work of the casement, and with one fierce blow severed it at the wrist.

The mutilated man uttered a moan of pain, and we heard the plash of his body as it fell into the whirlpool.

"You are a monster!" I cried, with an expression of wild horror.

"And you," he answered, with forced calmness, "you are the demon that has sullied my honor. Now, for us two, the judgment and the expiation."

From the forefinger of the bleeding hand he took the signet ring; then, throwing the hand into the river, he showed me the ring and the hunting-knife.

"This is your punishment," said he.

You can imagine, sir, what was the perpetual torture of my life from that hour. In vain I endeavored to protest my innocence; the viscount would not believe me.

Two days after this bloody drama, he came into my room one morning, and said:

"It seems to me that from one end of the world to the other there is not a single being that knows not that I am dishonored. You would have it so, madame; we must renounce this social world, and its pomps, to bury ourselves in a solitude that only strangers shall have the right to intrude upon. This very day we quit Mailly. This chateau that I refitted for you, and that you have made the scene of my shame, shall be left to fall to the decay befitting a dishonored home. We will go dwell at my property of Fouronne; there we shall have solitude, shut in by the deep forests. You must be fond of the silence of the woodlands, madame, as the dear marquis was so fond of woodland sports."

He burst into a cruel laugh, and continued:

"Oh! have no fear; I will not attempt as I did before, fool that I was! to make you forget the one you loved. On the contrary, I propose to perpetuate his image in your memory with careful assiduity, by keeping it in your mind all that he most affected. At the sound of his hunting-horn would you start? Well! I shall have a huntsman, hounds, hunting weapons, all that would have been pleasant and attractive to the marquis. Even to his ring and hunting-knife that you shall see every day of your life and at your leisure, so that they may compel you to think of him—for you shall not forget him, madame, that man who is dead to even you!"

At this his laughter broke out afresh.

All that the viscount had threatened was fulfilled in detail. We came to live at Fouronne, and for ten years we have lived here, tortured from day to day, he with rage and shame—for he loved me and thought me guilty—and I with grief. Alas! the death of Landry had revived all my love for him. I sank beneath my load of suffering and regret; my life was haunted by a shadow. Now you understand all, do you not? those trophies of the chase, that ring, that knife, the hounds and the huntsman. And you can imagine why Monsieur de Mailly made you one of the instruments of my punishment, in persuading you to try his hounds, and so compelling me to behold the death of the wild boar, wishing to remind me of the day when I trembled for the life of Landry de Rey.

"I understand, madame," cried my grandfather with generous indignation, "that the vengeance of Monsieur de Mailly was as atrocious as it was unjust, that the man was a monster, and deserved the severest punishment."

"I have forgiven him," answered the viscountess, gently, "and every day I pray that God may forgive him, too. Monsieur de Mailly was dying, he knew that his end was approaching, and as the solemn hour advanced a kind of doubt penetrated his soul. The day before his death, while I sat at his bedside, and prepared his medicine, he looked fixedly at me and said:

"Do you know, madame, that if I should have deceived myself, should you be really innocent, I would be a monster?"

"No, no," I answered, "but a man fatally mistaken."

He hesitated, and was for a moment silent.

"No, no," at last he murmured. "It is better that I should think you guilty. I have avenged my honor. Every man has his own conception of honor, and I have nothing to reproach myself for."

On the morning of the day of his death his doubts returned.

"Rose," said he, gently, "kneel down and swear to me."

I knelt, and slowly, with a firm voice that attested sincerity, I said:

"By the ashes of my father, before the God in whose presence you will soon be, I swear that you deceived yourself; that I have never ceased to be a pure wife and an honest woman. The Marquis de Rey came to my room without my knowledge or consent."

"Well! well!" he murmured, painfully. "Pray to God that he will have pity on me and forgive me, if you have the courage."

"I forgive you," I answered, and pressed my lips to his forehead.

Soon after he was seized with delirium, and passed away, murmuring appeals for pity and forgiveness.

As the viscountess concluded her painful story, the bell of the park gate was rung, much to the surprise of the viscountess and my grandfather. It was then near midnight.

"I expect no one," said the viscountess, "at this hour; and I cannot conceive who—"

"Doubtless some one who, like me, comes to ask hospitality. Will you permit me to go see?"

The presentiment that some new chance of good or evil was in store for the poor woman prompted my grandfather to make this offer.

The viscountess with a gesture acquiesced. She felt the necessity of being for a while alone to weep.

My grandfather met the ancient serving-man in the hall, who said:

"My lord count, it is perhaps fortunate that you are here, for you will prepare madame for strange news."

"What is it?"

"The Marquis de Rey is not dead."

"Impossible!"

"Sir, it is true. Look, sir; he is there, in the dining-room!"

My grandfather followed the servant, and found a man of about thirty-two years of age, whose left hand was gone, and whom he recognized, although so many years had elapsed, as the Marquis de Rey, who served with him in the Musketeers.

"Sir," said the marquis, "God has permitted me twice to escape from death almost inevitable. After the catastrophe that separated me from Madame de Mailly, I went to America to find, beside Lafayette and Washington, the death that evaded me. I survived, despite my griefs and the rashness with which I courted danger. Upon my return I learned that Rose was a widow. Think you that I can restore to her something of happiness?"

My grandfather left Fouronne the day after the marriage of the Marquis Landry de Rey with the widow of the Viscount de Mailly.

A few miles from the chateau he perceived a poor devil of a fellow, with a long face, seated under a hedge and pulling a wild flower to pieces with the pensiveness of a rejected lover.

"Ha! what are you doing there, Master Letaillis?" cried my grandfather, recognizing the former huntsman of the viscount.

"Alas! sir," answered the huntsman, "I am enjoying my income. Madame de Mailly has discharged me, and I am quietly dying of hunger. It seems that she was not so fond of hunting as we thought."

"Well," answered my grandfather, "go back to Fouronne, and I think, Master Letaillis, that they will hire you again. The viscountess may possibly have recovered her taste for hunting."

END.

not been guilty of felony are exempt from wearing the distinctive dress of the Penitentiary.

The Commissioners in their last annual Report alluded to the increase of that portion of the population which fill our Reformatories and Prisons, and to the discipline of those institutions so defective as to render them the nurseries of crime rather than the means of reformation. The sources and conditions of crime, and the means for its repression, have become for this city the most serious of social questions, though they have as yet engaged the attention of but a few thoughtful and philanthropic men. As stated in the Report referred to, there are 30,000 children in this city growing up in ignorance and idleness. They have no occupation but to beg, and learn no art but to steal. Hordes of children are sent out every morning to beg or to pilfer along the piers and bulkheads of the city, to snatch up, unobserved, a few grains of coffee, or handfuls of cotton, or scraps of iron, and their progress from the first act of pilfering to burglary is as regular as the progress of a schoolboy from class to class. At the age of 15 the girls are prostitutes, and the boys professed thieves. The brevity of their life, shortened by syphilitic disease, is the only check upon the increase of their numbers. To break up and disperse this portentous evil, can only be accomplished by rescuing the children at a tender age, and before they have entered on criminal or immoral practices. To this end it is respectfully recommended that the Board may be authorized to establish an Industrial School, separate from the nurseries, to which children of the following classes may be sent, under the warrant of a police magistrate, there to remain until indentured to some useful pursuit: 1st, children under 12 years of age found begging in the public streets; 2d, children under 14 years of age having committed a first offense punishable with imprisonment; 3d, children whose parents represent them as incorrigible and as given to vices and criminal associates.

The Juvenile Asylum of this city, which is authorized to receive children on the warrant of a magistrate, has been the means of saving from destruction many children of the classes referred to, and its managers are entitled to the warm thanks of the community for their zeal and devotion to the great work of philanthropy in which they are engaged. The Children's Aid Society and the Reformatory, with other charities of a like character, have, without coercive powers, been instrumental in rescuing annually large numbers of children from ruin, by gathering them from the streets, clothing them and securing for them comfortable and reputable homes.

WORKHOUSE.

There were in the Workhouse on January 1st, 1867, 1,135 persons; committed during the year, 15,000. Total, 16,135. Died, 57; discharged, 14,870. Total, 14,927. Remaining, 1,208.

To the Workhouse are committed drunkards, vagrants and disorderly persons. The terms of imprisonment are from ten days to six months. As a House of Correction, it well fulfills the purpose of its establishment.

Of the persons committed, a considerable proportion are newly arrived emigrants. To protect the counties of the State from the maintenance of foreign vagrants and criminals, the Legislature has imposed a tax upon each emigrant arriving at the Port of New York. The Commissioners of Emigration collect the money so raised and disburse it under regulations which they have framed for their own government. These regulations require that the criminal or vagrant immigrant who has become a public burden, shall state under oath his name, age, occupation, place of embarkation, the name of the vessel in which he arrived, the name of the captain, and the date of his arrival, and if the statement be defective or erroneous, or if his name do not appear on the manifest of the ship, the claim of the county for his support is rejected. Now the facts required cannot always be obtained. Criminals arriving at New York, when arrested studiously conceal their names and former residence, and vagrants are often ignorant of the name of the ship or the captain, or their own names have been incorrectly recorded on the ship's manifest. If the proof required be in any respect defective, the claim is rejected, though the collateral evidence may be abundant and conclusive. Nor is the denial of the just claims of the county confined to the criminals and vagrants. It is the duty of the Health Officer stationed at the Quarantine, several miles below New York, to examine all vessels arriving from sea, and if there be any passengers ill of smallpox to send them direct to the Hospital of this Department on Blackwell's Island. There have been frequent instances of immigrants so sent by the Health Officer, and the bills for their support rejected by the Commissioners of Emigration, on the ground that their names do not appear on the manifest of the vessels in which they arrived. Appended to this report is a statement of several recent cases of this character, with the copy of the order of the Health Officer, the certificate of the Warden of the Hospital, the bill rendered to the Commissioners of Emigration for their support, and their refusal of payment, because the names of the patients are not on the manifest of the ship.

From a careful examination of the records of this Department, the Commissioners are convinced that the City of New York is deprived of its just share of the Emigrant Fund through the stringent and impracticable rules of the Emigrant Commissioners. It is, perhaps, impossible to devise a formula of proof that will be satisfactory to those officers and protect the city, and in view of this, it is respectfully suggested that a fixed percentage of the fund be annually paid in lieu of all claims for emigrants committed to the Workhouse and Penitentiary.

ALMSHOUSES.

There were on 1st January, 1867, in the Almshouses, 1,274 persons; admitted during the year, 2,759. Total, 4,033. Died, 109; discharged, 2,682; total, 2,791. Remaining, 1,242.

Of the many applicants for relief none are admitted to the Almshouse except those who, from old age or lasting infirmity, are incapable of earning a livelihood; for it is found that the inmate of an Almshouse loses all self-reliance after a brief residence and becomes a public charge on the city. The able-bodied, who may be suffering from want, are either granted temporary relief by the Superintendent of the Out-Door Poor, or they are committed to the Workhouse. The Almshouses of the department may, under the present restricted rules of admission, be regarded rather as hospitals for the old and infirm, rather than as they formerly were, the abodes of the vagrant and slothful. Hospital rules have been established, thorough cleanliness is enforced, the inmates are required to bathe once a month throughout the year, and comforts and conveniences unknown before in Almshouses have been introduced, and a more generous diet has been provided.

THE BLIND.

It has been the practice of the Common Council annually to authorize the Comptroller of the city to pay to each blind person, who applied to him for relief, the sum of fifty dollars. In April last the Comptroller inquired if the Commissioners would assume this duty, and on receiving an affirmative answer he caused an appropriation of \$20,000 to be placed in the tax levy, to be dispensed for the benefit of the resident blind through this Department.

In view of this appropriation the Board, on the 20th of May, provided an Asylum for the Indigent Blind, by assigning an adequate number of wards in the first stories of the Male and Female Almshouses for the exclusive occupancy of the unmarried blind, and appointing two attendants for each ward to discharge the duties of orderlies and nurses. Subsequently the visitors of the Department visited the married blind and blind minors living with their parents, and comprising three hundred and ninety-six persons, and ascertained their condition in respect to their means of livelihood, health and numbers dependent upon them. It was found that several were of extreme old age, and others with large families of children dependent on them, while some who applied for aid had abundant means of their own, and some were earning a living by immoral means. The latter two classes were cut off, and the former classified as follows: 1st, the blind having five minor children; 2d, the blind having less than five but more than two children; 3d, the blind having one or more children; 4th, the blind without children. The numbers of each class were: 1st, 8;

2d, 25; 3d, 103; 4th, 223. To the 1st was paid \$100 and two tons of coal; the 2d, \$75 and two tons of coal; the 3d, \$50 and two tons of coal; the 4th, \$50; and the payments were ordered to be made in two installments, at such periods as the Superintendent of the Out-Door Poor might deem expedient. It is believed that more discriminating and a larger measure of relief is afforded to the blind through the organization of this Department than is practicable by any other means. The proceedings of the Common Council and the Comptroller, relative to the relief of the blind, is herewith submitted.

INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

In pursuance of the act of the Legislature passed in 1864, the Commissioners commenced, in 1866, the erection of an Inebriate Asylum on Ward's Island. It was at first proposed to limit the size of the building to the accommodation of 150 inmates; but in view of the necessary outlay for the heating, lighting, washing and cooking apparatus, it was deemed expedient to add two wings so as to provide for 400 patients. The Asylum is now completed. It is of three stories, and is equal to 574 feet in length, by 50 feet in depth. Water is conveyed to it from the Croton Aqueduct, by means of an iron pipe six inches in diameter, laid on the bed of the East River, to a reservoir 100 feet in diameter, and ten feet deep, constituted under the supervision of A. W. Craven, Esq., Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct. Detailed statements of the moneys received and expended for the Asylum are herewith submitted.

For reasons which will be stated in a subsequent part of this report, a portion of the Asylum will, for a few months, be assigned to the infants and young children of the Dependent. By the 1st July, or on the completion of the Infant Hospital, the Asylum will be occupied exclusively by the class for which it was erected. In the meantime, provision will be made for a limited number of inebriates.

HOSPITALS.

It has been the practice of the Department till within the past year to admit to the hospitals all applicants alleging sickness; but the frequent cases of persons simulating disease to escape from labor and enjoy for a season, free of expense, the comforts and idleness of a hospital, induced the Commissioners to detail a skillful physician to the duty of examining every applicant to determine the character and gravity of his complaint. If the patient require continuous medical attention, he is assigned to the proper hospital for his disease; or if he may be treated by occasional visits, he is referred to the Bureau of Out-door Sick. This preliminary examination has been found of great benefit, as well in restraining fraudulent applications as in exempting the hospitals from the maintenance of patients who may be successfully treated at the Bureau for the Sick.

BUREAU FOR OUT-DOOR SICK.

This Bureau is attached to Bellevue Hospital, and is a Dispensary for the gratuitous treatment of the sick who reside at their own homes and are able to visit the Bureau for advice and medicines. It differs from other Dispensaries in having a larger staff of consulting and attending physicians and surgeons, and in the special treatment of a variety of diseases.

There have been treated during the year, 4,344 patients. Prescriptions prepared, 14,376.

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

Several beneficial changes have been made in this important Hospital. The dietary table has been revised, and more nutritious food provided for the patients. The rules of the United States Military Hospital, for the periodical inspection of the wards, have been adopted, and are rigorously enforced by the Medical Board, and a higher state of discipline is maintained among the subordinate officers. The Annual Report of the Medical Board, which is annexed, exhibits in detail the condition of the Hospital, and the improvements in its administration for the past year.

The diet of the hospitals of the department has been the subject of much concern. The Commissioners were sensible that the food which was provided for the patients, though of excellent quality, was neither sufficiently varied or in adequate quantity, but they were deterred from authorizing a more generous diet by the apprehension that it would involve large additional expense.

The general deficiency was compensated in some degree by the orders of the attending physicians for special diet in individual cases. A careful examination of the special orders, for a series of months, satisfied the Commissioners that dietary tables could be framed which would obviate the necessity of special orders, and provide abundant and varied diet for all the patients without very greatly increasing the daily cost of maintenance.

With this view, Dr. Wm. B. Eager, Chairman of the Committee of Medical Inspection, of Charity Hospital, reported in May last a table for that hospital, which was adopted by the Commissioners and immediately carried into effect. On the 30th of April, at a meeting of the Medical Board of Bellevue Hospital, Dr. George T. Elliot, in commenting upon the character and amount of special orders which he had been compelled to make during the preceding month, suggested that a committee should be appointed to revise the general dietary table of the hospital. A committee was appointed, consisting of Drs. Eliot, Hamilton, and Clark, who associated with them Dr. Austin Flint, Jr. Accompanying the report of the committee was an able and exhaustive paper on alimentation, by Dr. Flint. The dietary table recommended was adopted. The marked improvement of the patients under the revised dietaries of the two hospitals, and the slight increased expense incurred, induced the Commissioners to appoint committees to revise the diet of Randall's Island Nurseries, the Lunatic Asylum, and Alms-houses. The proceedings of the Medical Boards, and the reports of the committees on this subject, are of so much interest to the managers of hospitals and public institutions that they are incorporated in the appendix to this report.

There were on 1st January, 1867, at Bellevue Hospital, 790 patients; admitted during the year, 6,783. Total, 6,573. Died, 648; discharged, 5,294. Total, 5,942. Remaining, 631.

THE MORGUE.

The Morgue, or Receptacle for the unknown dead, is connected with Bellevue Hospital. The experience of the past year has demonstrated its necessity and value.

There have been received, 105 bodies; recognized by friends, 54; unknown, 51. Total, 105.

CHARITY HOSPITAL.

Patients on 1st January, 1867, 863; admitted during the year, 5,992. Total, 6,855. Died, 505; discharged, 5,397. Total, 5,802. Remaining, 1,065.

This Hospital, though open for the reception of patients of every variety of disease, is largely devoted to the treatment of syphilis. During the past year, more than 2,000 cases have been admitted. It will soon be necessary to erect a building for the degraded class who are the victims of this disease, for they affect injuriously the character of the Hospital. Patients of pure morals are reluctant to be treated there, though carefully separated from those afflicted with syphilis. Aside from this objection, it is to be deprecated that so noble a building, the most conspicuous object in the harbor of New York, should be regarded as the shelter of a scandalous disease.

Since the last Annual Report, this Hospital has been lighted with gas, made at works erected by the Commissioners adjacent to the Hospital.

SMALL POX HOSPITAL.

Patients at Small Pox Hospital 1st January, 1867, 7; Admitted during the year, 202; total, 209. Died, 18; Discharged, 172; total, 187. Remaining, 22.

For a portion of the past year there were no patients in this hospital, and advantage was taken of this circumstance to repair and paint the building throughout, and to introduce gas for lighting from the works at Charity Hospital. The Fever Hospital is supplied from the same source.

FEVER HOSPITAL.

Patients in Fever Hospital 1st January, 1867, 12; Admitted during the year, 308; total, 320. Died, 50; Discharged, 253; total, 312. Remaining, 8.

The hospital for infectious fever is a long building of one story, divided into two wards for male and female

patients. It was hastily erected at a time when portions of the city were being swept with typhus fever, and patients were crowded into the building before it was completed. It is still in an unfinished state. It is proposed to erect another building of the same dimensions, and when that shall be finished to complete the first. There are neither the conveniences, nor is there adequate room in one hospital for the number of patients that are annually received. In 1866, a large number were lodged in tents for want of room in the hospital.

The Commissioners in May last contracted for a small steamer to convey the sick of infectious disease to the hospitals on Blackwell's Island. They had before been carried in an open boat exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, and in winter with no other protection than a blanket; they were often impeded by the moving ice, so that the passage, which is now made in a few minutes, sometimes occupied one or two hours. The same vessel carries the dead, at fixed periods, to the Public Cemetery on Ward's Island.

HOSPITALS FOR INCURABLES.

The increasing number of patients, ill of chronic diseases beyond the reach of medicine, who required the continuous attention of physicians, and of bedridden inmates of the almshouses who were dependent on careful nurses, led the Commissioners to establish a separate hospital for them. It consists of two buildings, each 125 feet long, by 25 feet in width, and of one story. One is assigned to the male, the other to female patients.

There have been received during the year, 204 patients; discharged or died during the year, 130; Remaining, 74.

The patients are visited daily by a physician. An orderly and a nurse are in attendance, and such comforts are provided as will alleviate the hopeless condition of the patients.

EPILEPTIC AND PARALYTIC HOSPITALS.

These Hospitals were established last year under the superintendence of Dr. Echiverria, who devoted much time to their organization. Dr. Echiverria was Chief Physician in charge until September last, when he was, to the great regret of the Commissioners, compelled by the claims of his private practice to resign their care. Since that time they have been under the direction of the Medical Board of the Charity Hospital until recently, when they were placed in charge of Dr. Parsons, Resident Physician of the Lunatic Asylum.

There has been a marked improvement in the condition of these unfortunate patients since they have been the subjects of the special and exclusive care of the physicians detailed to them.

There were on the 1st of January, 1867, in the Paralytic Hospital, 49 patients; admitted during the year, 70. Total, 119. Died, 19; discharged, 51. Total, 70. Remaining, 49.

And in the Epileptic Hospital—On 1st January, 1867, 58 patients; admitted during the year, 95. Total, 153. Died, 10; discharged, 78. Total, 88. Remaining, 65.

The principle of classifying the patients has been adopted as far as was compatible with economy. Until within the past two years, but little attention had been given to this rule. Thus at the Almshouse there were near two hundred lunatics and idiots, besides many blind and bed-ridden persons. In the General Hospitals there were paralytics and epileptics, with a large number of patients for whom medical skill could do nothing but alleviate their sufferings. It has been the aim of the Board to separate and classify these various diseases, assigning to the Lunatic Asylum those deprived of reason; grouping together in separate buildings, the Paralytic and the Epileptic, the Blind and the Incurable, and detailing physicians for the special treatment of their maladies. The comfort of the patients has been greatly increased since their classification, for as no special provision was made at the Almshouses for the sick, there was sometimes much suffering from the neglect of the subordinate officers, and in the General Hospitals, those afflicted with chronic diseases of a hopeless character, as they could excite but little interest with the attending physicians, their cases were overlooked in the care and treatment of those requiring more immediate attention.

LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Patients in Lunatic Asylum on 1st January, 1867, 767; Admitted during the year, 674; total, 1,441; Died, 122; discharged, 602; total, 524; Remaining, 917.

The number of lunatics, as it has been for several years, is far beyond the means for their proper maintenance. The buildings constituting the asylum can fairly accommodate but 521 persons. The Commissioners propose, when their funds will permit, to erect another building.

INFANT HOSPITAL.

It has been the practice, since the creation of the department, to send foundlings and abandoned infants, and infants with mothers who were unable to work, to the Almshouse, where the infants without mothers were committed to the care of the female inmates. The mortality of the nurseries, or those without mothers, has always been eighty-five per cent. by records; but excluding the infants from time to time adopted. It is believed that not an infant survived a year. In 1866 the Board, with the hope of diminishing the ratio of deaths, established a separate hospital, and appointed an experienced matron, and paid nurses to its charge. Some improvement was perceptible; but the results obtained were not satisfactory, further than that the infants were treated with tenderness and care. The mortality continued at the same frightful ratio. In June of this year, wet nurses from the general hospitals were transferred to the Infant Hospital, and the improvement was manifest and immediate. Life was prolonged, so that it was necessary to convert several adult wards into nurseries, and at length to transfer the occupants of one story of a building three hundred feet long, to make room for the increased infant population. The transfer, however, could be but temporary. As winter approached, the old and infirm sought the shelter of the Almshouse. The Inebriate Asylum was about completed, and the Commissioners decided to assign the principal part of that building for the infants until the hospital designed for them, and which is now in course of construction on Randall's Island, shall be finished.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL—RANDALL'S ISLAND.

This hospital is for the medical treatment of children ill at the nurseries.

There were on the 1st January, 1867, 171 patients. Received during the year, 971. Total, 1,142. Died, 60; discharged, 892. Total, 862. Remaining, 260.

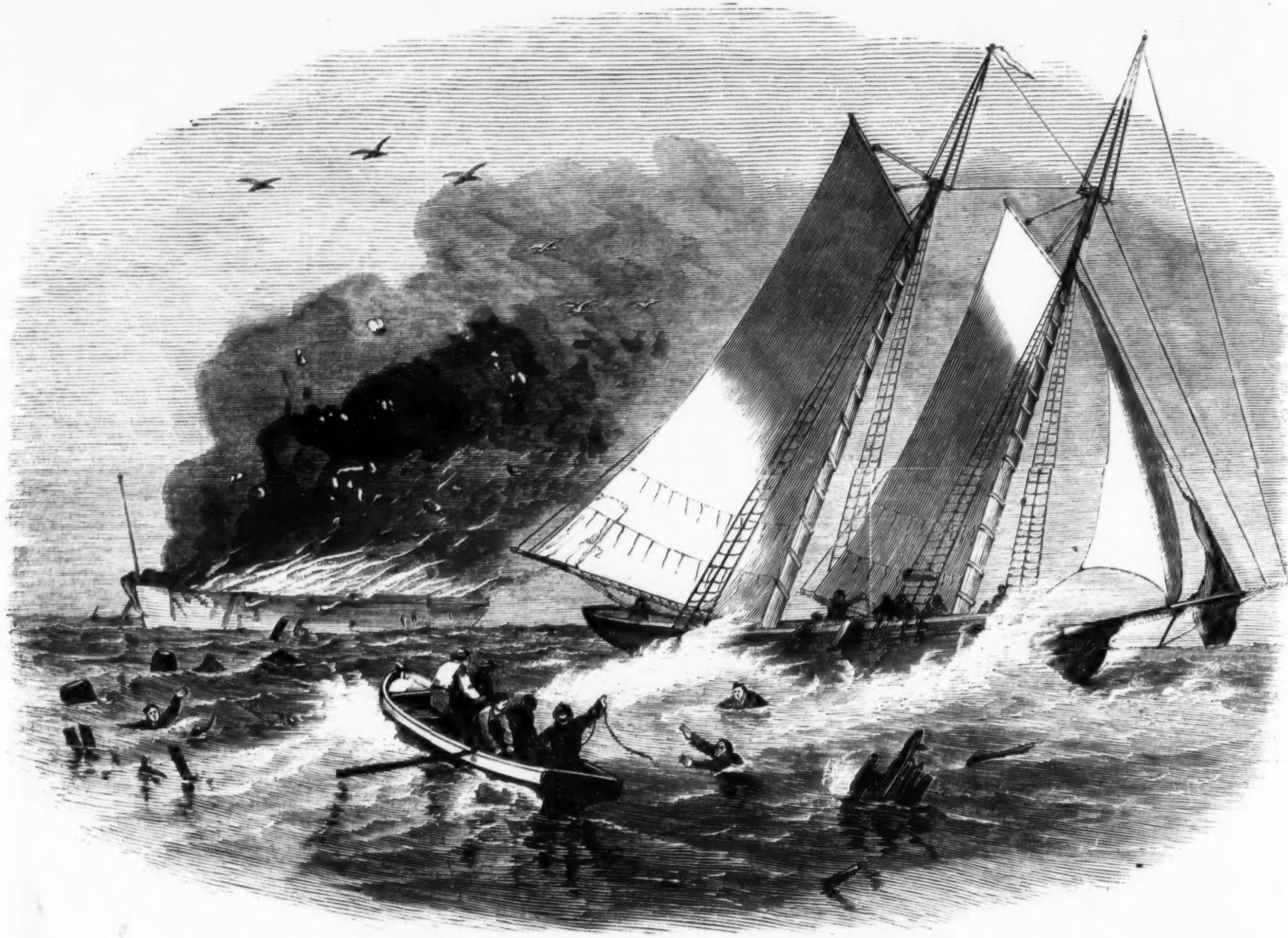
The buildings have, during the past year, been thoroughly repaired and painted. The organization has been changed. The resident physician, Dr. Whittlesey, in whose charge they had been for many years, resigned his office, and assumed the lighter duties of visiting physician. The hospital is now conducted by a matron and clerk.

IDIOT HOUSE.

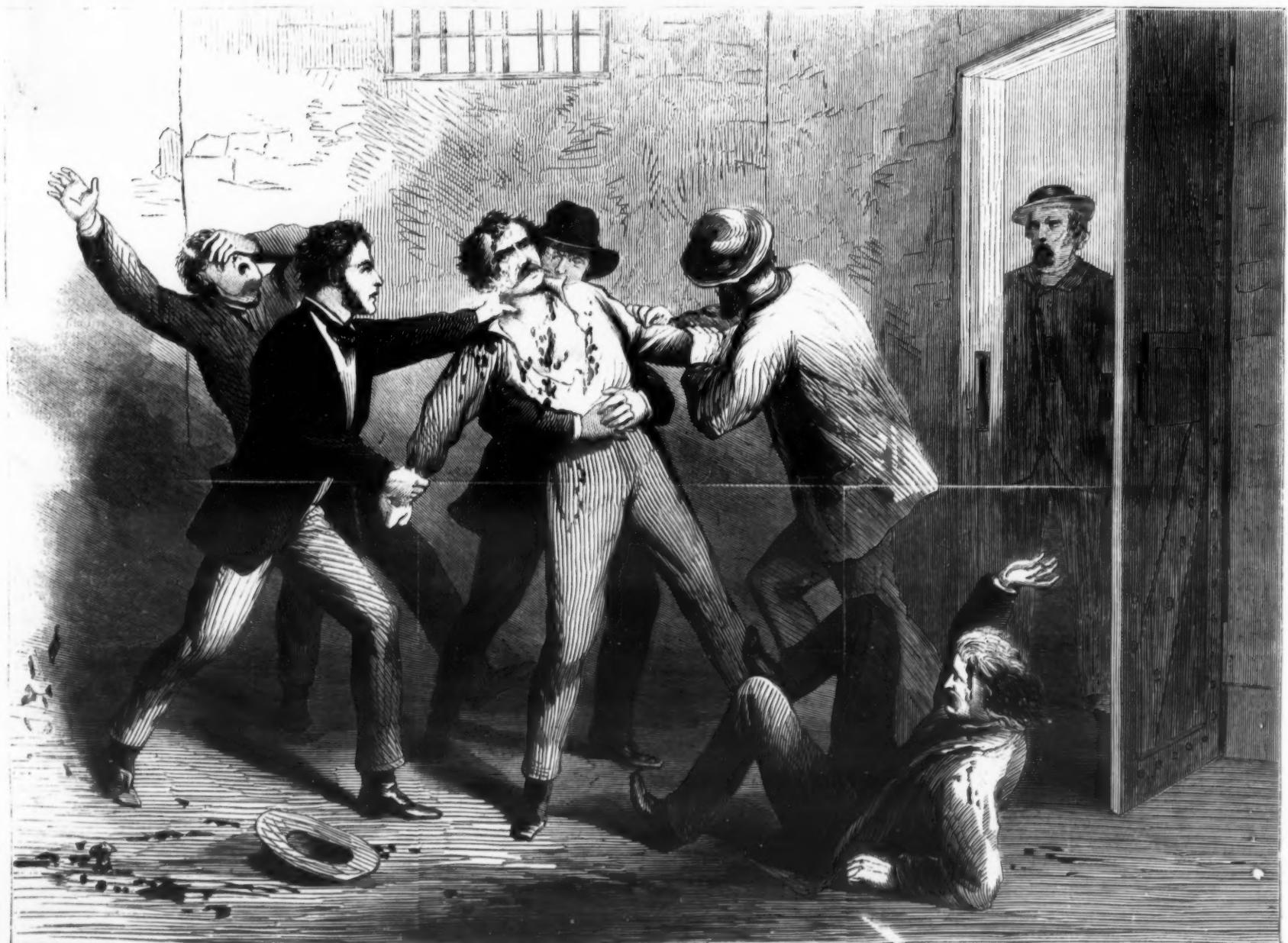
The Asylum for Juvenile Idiots is in charge of the officers of the Children's Hospital. There are sixty-two idiot children of all degrees of mental imbecility.

The building has been enlarged so as to separate the sexes, and to provide more convenient and healthy dormitories.

IDIOT HOUSE.

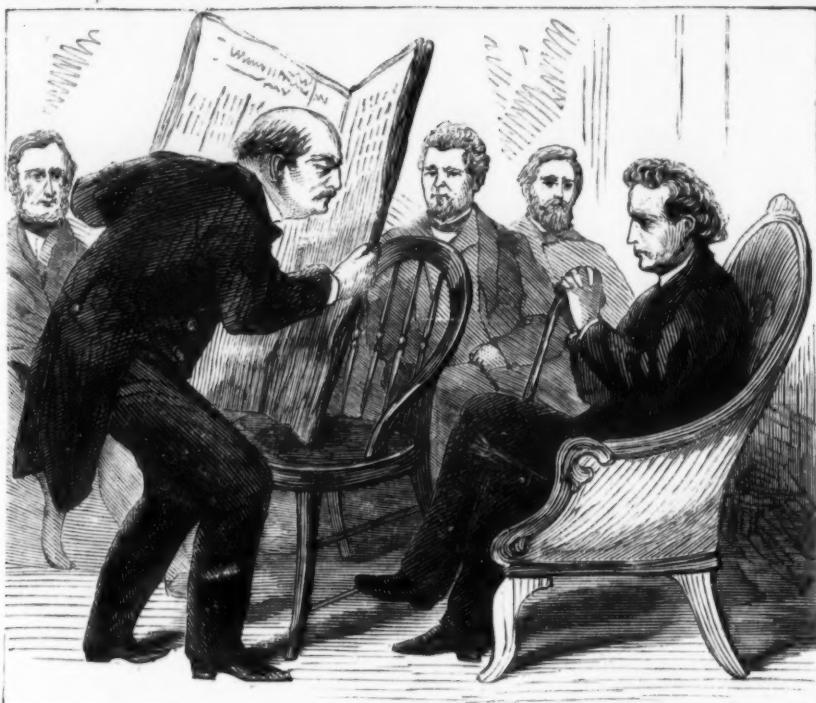


FEARFUL DISASTER AND LOSS OF LIFE--DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAMBOAT SEABIRD BY FIRE ON LAKE MICHIGAN, ON THE 8TH INST.--SEE PAGE 91.



TERrible death of Thomas Hanlon, the celebrated acrobat.--SEE PAGE 90.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



GEN. B. F. BUTLER EXAMINING THE FILES OF THE WASHINGTON CHRONICLE.

Gen. Butler Examining the Files of the Washington Chronicle.

In the course of General Butler's speech at the Impeachment Trial on the 30th ult., he had occasion to consult the files of the *Washington Chronicle*. Being very near-sighted, he stooped beneath the uplifted volume in such a manner as to completely conceal him from view. This sudden disappearance of the eloquent manager provoked a titter from the assemblage, and caused the General to pop up again, when, appre-



AN ACCIDENT TO THADDEUS STEVENS.

A Family Tragedy.

In Darrtown, Butler County, Ohio, a farmer named John Irwin, seventy years of age, and his second wife, a woman thirty-five years of age, were recently killed

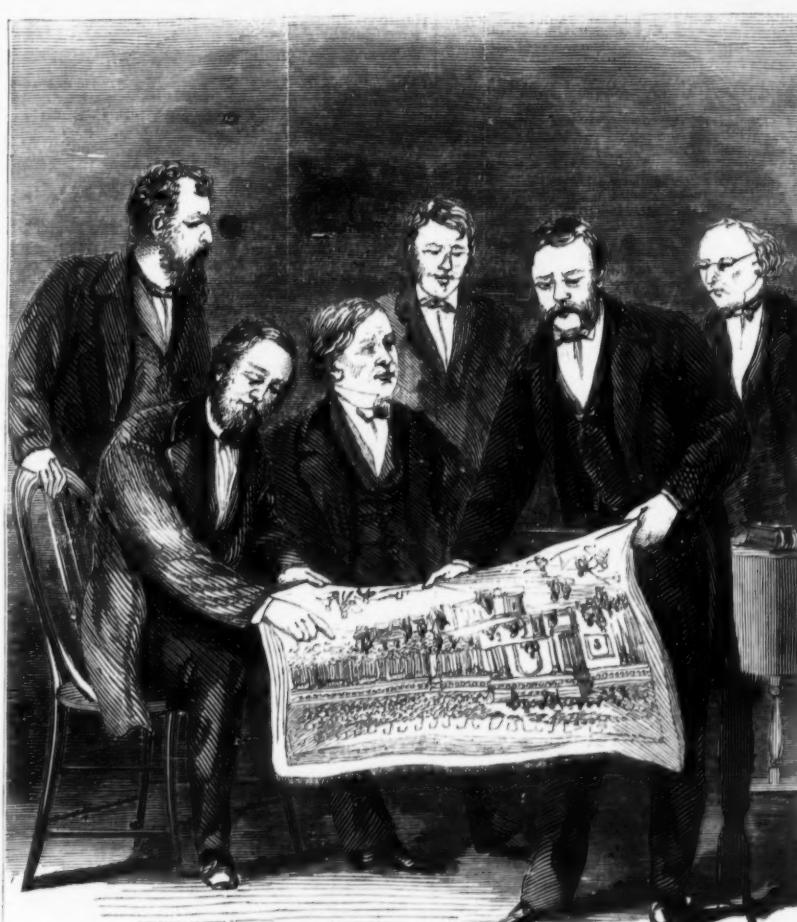


A FAMILY TRAGEDY.

ciating the ludicrousness of the situation, he spread the book out before him and continued to read in a less amusing attitude.

An Accident to Thaddeus Stevens.

During the recess taken by the Court of Impeachment at Washington, on the 2d inst., Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, while attempting to seat himself at the Managers' table, slipped and fell heavily to the floor. The sound was heard throughout the hall, and some excitement was occasioned by the supposition that Mr.



MESSRS. COLFAX, WASHBURN AND OTHERS EXAMINING THE LARGE PICTURE OF THE COURT OF IMPEACHMENT, IN THE LAST NUMBER OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



THE JUVENILE PIRATES.

Stevens had been injured. He was lifted to his feet by several of the Senators present, and immediately occupied himself with writing, as if nothing had occurred.

Messrs. Colfax, Washburn, and Others Admiring the Large Engraving of the Court of Impeachment in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

The large and beautiful engraving of the High Court of Impeachment, in the last number of this paper, naturally received much attention and praise in Wash-



TERRIBLE FATE OF THE CHILDREN OF HON. CHARLES DUDLEY, OF IOWA.



CENTRAL PARK ACCIDENT.

effect, the ball entering behind the left ear and passing out at the forehead. Mrs. Irwin then appeared on the scene and rushed at Sylvester with a bowie-knife. He caught her by the arm and as she swung round, fired a third shot, which took effect in her back. He then wrested the knife from her and stabbed her between the shoulder-blades, inflicting a fatal wound. After completing the work of death, Sylvester surrendered himself to the authorities.

Juvenile Pirates.

Several evenings ago two boys, named William Bur-

gess and Charles Clements, who are only sixteen years of age, and possess the courteous manners and respectable appearance of well-bred society, started out on an expedition for plunder, directing their course along the East River docks. Noticing a trim-looking yawl off the stern of a schooner, lying at the foot of Forty-second street, they determined to take possession, and indulge in a cruise about the river. As they were hauling to their boat the hawser by which the vessel had been fastened to the dock, but which they had cut, the captain of the schooner, awakened in his berth by the noise, rushed to the deck, and ordered the precious youths to return the yawl and hawser, threatening them with a dose of powder and ball if they refused. The boys paid no attention to the captain's threats, but kept on at their work, when the contents of a two-barreled gun, loaded with buckshot, was suddenly distributed among them. At this the fellows endeavored to get beyond the range of the captain's gun, and pulled out into the stream. The captain jumped into another boat, and started in pursuit, but was unable to overtake the amateur thieves. The boys were arrested on the following day, and bore on their persons convincing proof of the captain's skill in the use of firearms.

Terrible Fate of the Children of the Hon. Charles Dudley, at Agency City, Iowa.

A few days ago the dwelling of the Hon. Charles Dudley, at Agency City, Iowa, was consumed by fire, and three of his children perished in the flames. The cause of the frightful calamity is unknown, and the first discovery of the smoke and flames was made by one of the children who was sleeping with his two brothers. Feeling very much oppressed for air, the little fellow leaped from his bed, and opened a door leading from the room to one over the kitchen, when the smoke burst through and nearly stifled him. He returned to his bed and aroused one of his brothers and told him to get the children down stairs, and then hurried to awaken his mother. She jumped up immediately, seized her little babe, covered it with some light clothing, and rushed out of the door with the child in her arms. After placing it where it would be out of danger, she returned to rescue some of the others, but the flames had gained such headway she was unable to force an entrance to the room. The situation of the children during this time was terrible in the extreme, and from the position of the bodies after the fire was extinguished, it would appear that the oldest son had taken one of the little ones in his arms and grasped another by the hand, and while making his way from the bed toward the door, was completely enveloped in the flames and perished. Mr. Dudley has been most unfortunate with his family, ten deaths having occurred, and only two of them from disease, eight tragically or suddenly. Only last spring his oldest son, Edward, was killed by fractious mules, and now three more links are savagely torn from the chain. On the following day the eldest son would have been eighteen years of age, and the family gifts and mementoes were all prepared; but ruthless death, in his most hideous form, trampled upon affection and smote his victims in their happy dreams.

The Raid of the Rats.

The house of a poor widow lady, residing in one of the small towns in Northern New York, was recently besieged by a multitude of monster rats, who posted themselves in the different rooms after the most approved military manner. At a time when the woman with her two small children were lying in bed asleep the cautious invaders commenced their attack by scrambling over the bed, and when they had mustered a force sufficient to prove the earnestness of their movement, they assumed the offensive, and struck boldly at the little ones. The suddenness of the engagement was a complete surprise to the unsuspecting parties, and the shouts of the little ones for quarter from their merciless foes soon awoke the mother, who surveyed the scene with the utmost horror. The animals had taken forcible possession of the noses, ears, cheeks, and hands of the children, and stuck to their works with insatiable tenacity. As soon as the mother took up the cause in behalf of her children there was a general stampede; the belligerents retreating in every direction in the great confusion. The invasion is supposed to have been occasioned by recent heavy rains, which drove the unprincipled hordes from their customary quarters, and cut off their supply of rations.

A Central Park Accident.

A few days ago, as Mr. Henry P. Townsend, of No. 28 Madison Avenue, was driving into Central Park in his carriage, accompanied by his wife, the horses by some means became frightened and ran away. The carriage struck against a tree near the Fifth Avenue gate, and both Mr. and Mrs. Townsend were thrown violently to the ground, the gentleman sustaining a severe fracture of the skull, and the lady having an arm broken. The sufferers were at once removed to St. Luke's Hospital, and it is feared the injuries of Mr. Townsend will prove fatal.

Fearful Disaster and Loss of Life—Destruction of the Steamboat Sea Bird, on Lake Michigan, on the Morning of the 9th Inst.

About half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 9th inst., flames were discovered issuing from a quantity of freight stored around the after-guards of the steamboat Sea Bird, belonging to the Two Rivers, Milwaukee and Chicago line of steamers, and in a few minutes the greater portion of the boat was burning rapidly. The Sea Bird had left Milwaukee the evening previous, and had proceeded as far as Waukegan when the fire broke out. Singular to record, there were but few, if any, attempts made to extinguish the flames or save the passengers, of whom there were over one hundred, every person appearing too demoralized to render any effective service. Only two persons are known to have escaped from the disaster, one of whom states that he saw fire and smoke proceeding from a quantity of tubs and loose straw beneath the ladies' cabin, and that he immediately raised the alarm. The flames spread with such rapidity that the lady passengers could not have had time to get out of their state-rooms, and they, with several little children, must have been burned. A few moments before this gentleman discovered the fire, his companion noticed a porter come out of the ladies' cabin with a scuttle of coals and ashes, and going to the bulkheads, near where a quantity of miscellaneous freight was stored, he threw the contents overboard. His conclusions are that the fire originated from some sparks among the smoldering coals that were blown back by the wind. Captain Yates, of the schooner Cordelia, which fortunately was in the vicinity of the catastrophe, rescued the two passengers mentioned above, and kept his vessel near the wreck until it had burned to the water's edge, but was unable to discover any others of the crew or passengers. The Sea Bird was making her fifth trip of the season, and was valued at \$70,000, with no insurance.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FRENCH marquis was riding out one day, when he passed an old priest trotting along contentedly on a quiet donkey.

"Ist hal!" exclaimed the marquis, "how goes the as good father?"

"On horseback my son, on horseback," replied the priest.

"I like to hear a child cry," jocosely said an old beholder.

"Why?"

"Because then there is some hope of his being sent away."

A MARRIED lady gave a social entertainment to a party of female acquaintances, and while regaling them with accounts of a recent journey, a tremendous thumping was heard proceeding from the garret.

"What's that noise?" exclaimed one.

"Oh! nothing unusual. Don't be at all alarmed, my dear friends; it's only my husband. You see he persists in remaining out very late every evening, and I thought I would keep him in for once, so I got him to examine an imaginary leak in our roof, and while up there fastened the scuttle door, that's all."

A MODEST individual in the Nutmeg State announces that his golden wedding will come off just thirty years from now, and offers a liberal discount on any presents his friends then design to make him.

In a certain family a pair of twins made their appearance, and were shown to their little sister of four years. It happened that whenever a rather prolific cat of the household had kittens, the prettiest were saved, and the rest drowned. When the twins were shown the child by their happy father, she looked at them earnestly, and at length, putting her little finger tip on the cheek of one of them, looked up and said, with all the seriousness possible:

"Papa, I think we'll save this one."

WHICH is worth most, a dollar in gold or an equivalent bank-note? The note, of course; because you always double it when you put it in your pocket, and will find it always increases (in creases) when you take it out.

A TEMPERANCE lecturer, descending on the superior virtues of cold water, remarked:

"When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough washing in cold water."

"Yes," replied a toper present, "but it killed every critter on the face of the earth."

IT has been gravely remarked that the majority of broken-down school-teachers either enter the insurance or advertising business, and the following graphic description is undoubtedly from the pen of one of those attenuated "scholers":

"I can sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars, a pallas, a sweet and pensive retirement, located on the virgin banks of the Hudson, containing 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of nature and art, into pastor and tillage, into plain and deliky, into the stern shrubiness and the daliante or most-tinted medder; streams of sparkling gladness (thick with trout) dance through this wilderness of duty, tew the low musik ov the cricket and grasshopper. The ever-green sighs as the evening zephyr flits through its shadowy buzzum, and the aspen trembles as the luv-plittin' harts of a damsel. Fruits of the tropicks, in golden buly, melt on the bown, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives. . . . The stables are worthy of the steeds ov Nimrod or the studs ov Akilles, and its henry was built expressly for the birds of paradise; while somber in the distance, like the cave of a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dorg-house. Here poets have come and warbled their lase, here sculptors have cut, here painters have robbed the scene ov dreamy landscapes, and here the philosopher discovered the stun which made him the alchimist ov natrur. . . . As the young moon hangs like a cutting ov silver from the blue breast ov the skyl, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tiptoes on the greenward. (N. B. This angel goes with the phase.)"

"WHAT'S your occupation?" asked a lawyer of a witness.

"Miller."

"What sort of a mill do you run?"

"A gin mill," was the satisfactory reply.

A CLEVER April fool trick was perpetrated by a sharper on a number of verdant students at a neighboring college, the fellow addressing them with a circular, in which he stated that, "to all who may enclose \$1 I will send, instead, a finely cut, engraved portrait of Geo. Washington, the Father of his Country, together with an elegant portrait of Benjamin Franklin." On receipt of the money a three cent and a one cent postage stamp were returned.

"SAL," said one girl to another, "I am so glad I have no beau now!"

"Why so?" asked the other.

"Oh, 'cause I can eat as many onions as I please."

A MAN with an enormously large mouth called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instrument, and was about to commence operations, the man began to strain and stretch his mouth, till he got it to a frightful width.

"Stay, sir," said the dentist, "Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand outside of it to draw your tooth."

WHY are photographers like dock dues collectors?

Because they live by taking port-roads.

THE late King of Prussia once sent to an aide-de-camp, who was brave but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterward he met the general, and said to him:

"Ah, well, how did you like the new work I sent you?"

"Excessively, sir," replied the soldier. "I read it with such interest that I await the second volume with impatience."

The king smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved on it: "This work is complete in two volumes."

THE rapacity of the French concierges or house porters, is, on a par with their insolence. Not long ago one of them asked an actor, whom he happened to have as a lodger, for a ticket for himself, as he wished to see a piece that had just been brought out. The good-natured comedian gave him a line to the secretary, who at once handed him a pit ticket, but what was the astonishment of the donor when he found his next weekly account charged with a fine for carrying the letter to the secretary!

A LITTLE book has been published in Paris, professing to teach the Portuguese how to converse in English, which contains a most amusing collection of errors. One dialogue commences thus:

"Do you converse without doubt also some small discourses in English?"

"Not yet I don't make that some exercises."

"Do you speak English always?"

"Sometimes; though I play it yet."

"You jest, you does express you self very well."

Among the anecdotes is the following:

"One-eyed was laid aginst a man which had good eyes that he saw better than him. The party was excited. I had gain, over said the one-eyed; why I see you two eyes, and you not look me one-who."

Here, again, is the last paragraph of the preface:

"We expect, then, who the little book (or the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acquaintance of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

Just Out,

CARTHAGE & NEEDHAM, whose Cabinet Organs and Melodeons have become universally known, have now succeeded in bringing their instruments to such a degree of superiority over others as to render them fully worthy of being called "perfect." The last triumph of this house, however, is the novelty in their choir organs, by which the sound is reflected into the audience instead of being allowed to deafen the player, as has heretofore been the case with all this class of instruments. It is constructed with a view to the production of the maximum effect in front of the player, so that he may face his audience. The magnificent crescendo effect produced by simply walking from the back to the front of this organ, while it is being played, is a convincing proof that a large per centage of power has heretofore been lost in the construction of instruments for public use. This invention places these instruments incontestably at the head of all designed to meet the same public demands.

When you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS and see how quick you can be restored for a shilling.

S. T.—1860.—X.

Some of our contemporaries seem to think that the triumph of their cause depended, like the fate of Jericho, upon the amount of noise made—in these days of refinement and luxury, an article of real intrinsic merit is soon appreciated, hence the unbounded and unparalleled success of

PLANTATION BITTERS.

This remedy has ever and always been found reliable. As a gentle stimulant and tonic appetizer it cannot be excelled. It is no doubt a sovereign remedy for stomachic disorders—for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and in stimulating a healthy appetite.

MAGNOLIA WATER—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

THE ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY for those known DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "Perry's Molt and Freckle Lotion." Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond street, New York. **65** Sold everywhere.

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Ladies and gentlemen are qualified to teach this new method, and positions are secured for teachers who have been fitted at our studio.

Pupils can fit by correspondence, after remaining with us from one to three weeks. Having obtained the assistance of able and experienced teachers, we are prepared to give our patrons all needed attention. Adult and juvenile classes will be formed at our rooms, for the piano, organ and vocal music, by the quarter or by the year. Agents wanted in all parts of the country to form classes for this new system. No one is authorized to teach this method except by permission from Mrs. Paige, who is the inventor and sole proprietor. References given on application. Address Mrs. J. B. PAIGE, 216 Washington st., Boston, Rooms 9 and 4. Circulars can be obtained at music stores generally.

656-8ccw

OUT FOR APRIL.

THE HEARTHSTONE,

A FAMILY MAGAZINE & JOURNAL OF FASHIONS.

CONTENTS:

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE LIFE OF. Being the commencement of a series of articles entitled "The Nation's Standard-Bearers."

I THINK OF THEE (a Poem), by EDNA CORA.

A JOURNEY AND ITS PURPOSES. A Sketch.

GAMBLERS, THEIR AGENTS AND VICTIMS. Resuming the commencement of a series of articles entitled "New York City Characters."

THE FLIGHT OF QUEEN MARGARET AFTER THE BATTLE OF HEXAM (an original Poem).

JAPANESE REVENGE.

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